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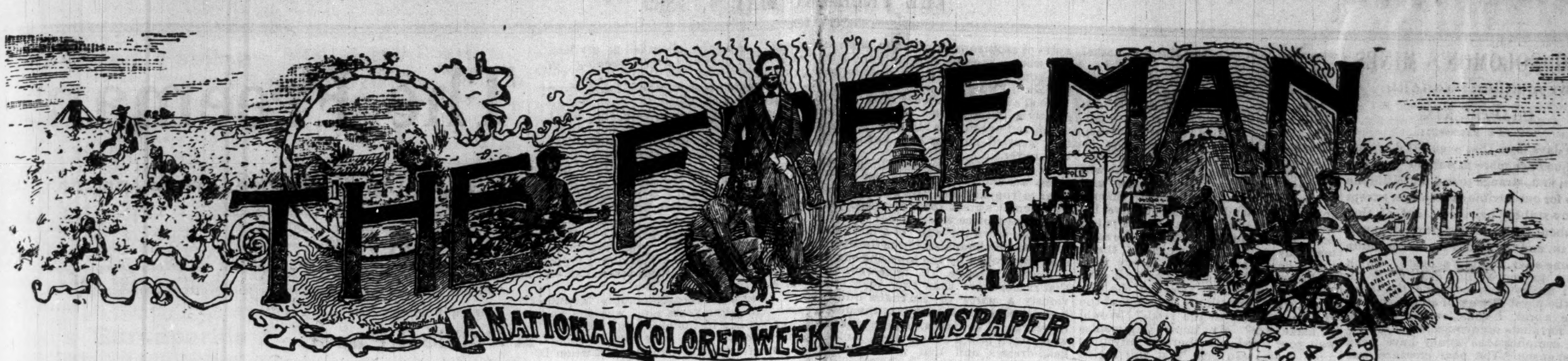

THE FREEMAN

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GARNET D. BALTIMORE.

CIVIL ENGINEER AND MECHANICIAN, OF TROY, N. Y.

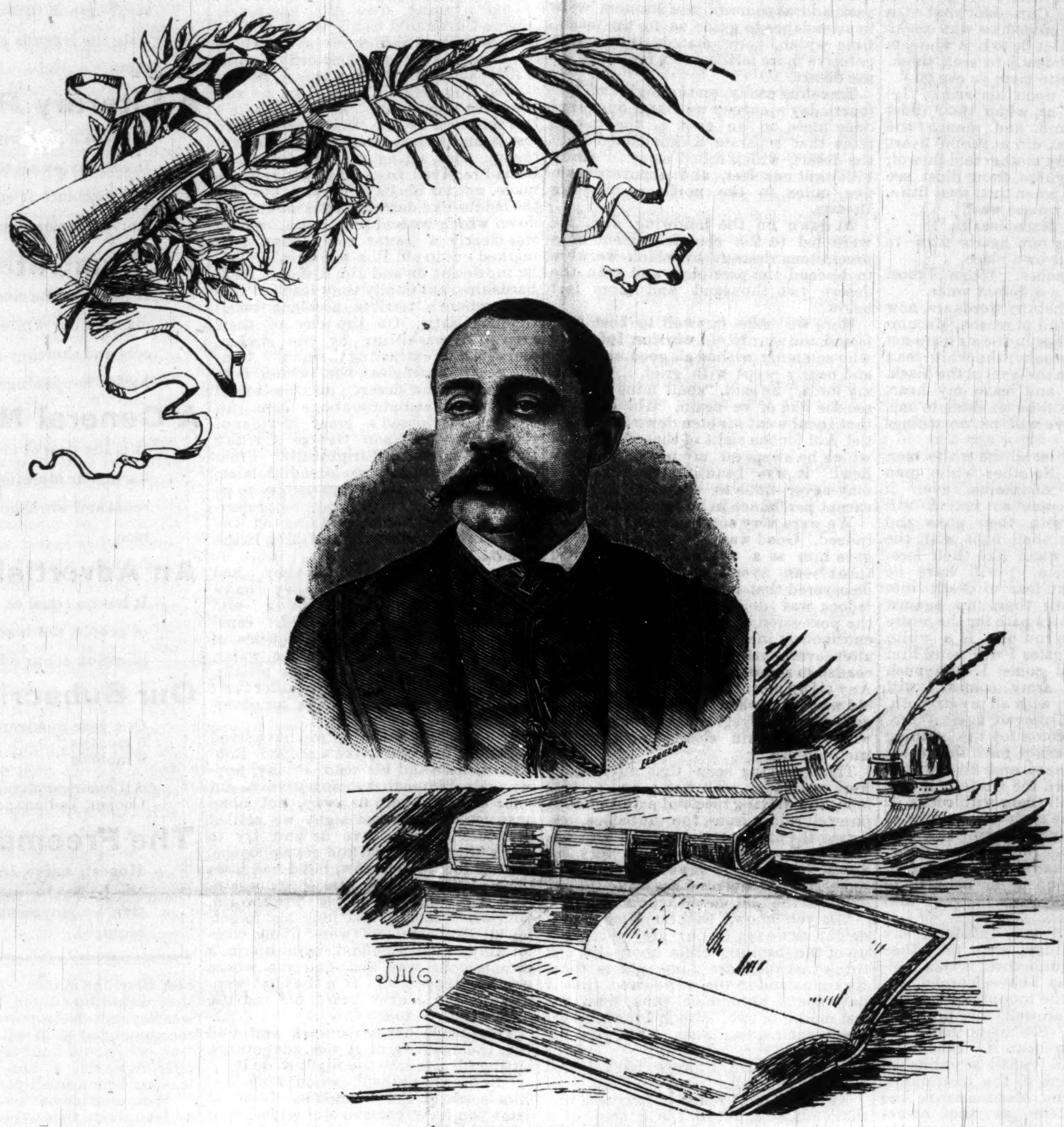
A Review of One Who Has Won Honor and Distinction in a New Field Against Great Odds.

Prepared for The Freeman.

Garnet Douglass Baltimore was born in Troy, N. Y., April 15, 1859, and is the youngest son of Peter F. Baltimore, of that city. He was christened in honor of the two most representative men of his race—Henry Highland Garnet and Frederick Douglass. His first inklings of knowledge were obtained under the instruction of that active educator, Mary Boseman, remaining in the William Rich School, set apart for the instruction of colored children until about 1872, when an event caused his withdrawal and was an important factor in determining his future career. The William Rich School at that time was under the supervision of an attenuated Circuit preacher. To his narrow vision education for his pupils was not to carry them beyond their lowly condition in life. He therefore deemed it his duty to discourage any attempt to pass beyond this sphere. Young Baltimore could not endure the idea of restriction. It became necessary for him to withdraw. An application was made for the admission of his brother and self to the Troy Academy, the representative school of that city, beneath whose wall's Troy's most successful citizens placed their sons. The principal, T. Newton Willson. submitted the question of their admission to the school. By an unanimous vote the boys were welcomed. He remained here five years and prepared for Harvard College, but prefering a scientific to a classical education, changed his mind and determined to enter the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the oldest and most famous school of engineering in this country.

In the graduating class of 1877, of the Troy Academy, young Baltimore, having attracted attention by his abilities as a speaker, was chosen to participate in a contest in elocution to determine who should represent the school at the Inter Academic contest before the State Board of Regents. His selection was "Robert Emmet's Appeal." There were six other contestants. In the opinion of a large part ot the audience young Baltimore was entitled to the honor. The judges, however, rendered a decision in favor of the son of a prominent lawyer and jurist. The assemblage broke up in confusion upon hearing the decision and would not await the conclusion of the exercises. He entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in the fall of '77 with a class of forty-four. On the 17th of March. 1880, by the invitation of the Young Mens' Catholic Literary Society, he delivered the Emmet oration before an audience of 3,000 for the benefit of tho Parnell fund. His masterly rendition upon that occasion gave him a State reputation. June 15, 1881, with seventeen of the original forty-four, he received his diploma as a civil engineer. His standing while in this institution was among the highest. In his four years course, dealing with the higher mathematics, he was in no subject found deficient. The day following his graduation he was appointed as an assistant engineer upon the construction of the Albany and Greenbush Bridge, the most important engineering work at that time in the vicinity, being retained until its completion. During his engagement he was detailed to construct the Sandy Hill R. R., in Washington county, N. Y. He was then employed in the Gilbert Car Works. In '82 he was appointed as assistant engineer upon the Hudson River Improvement. In '83 was made by Gen. E. W. Serrell engineer in charge of the Albany. Granville & Rutland R. R., a line of 56 miles with full charge of a party for preliminary survey. Acted, also, as consulting engineer for the Greenwich & Johnsonville R. R., making repairs to bridges along the line.

In the fall of '83 he was prominently pushed forward by his friends for the position of City Engineer of Troy, and was for a short time connected with the Water Works Department. In '84, having passed the civil service examination, he was appointed an assistant engineer upon the New York State Canals by Elnathan Sweet, State Engineer and Surveyor, and has since been connected with the Canal Department.



GARNET DOUGLASS BALTIMORE,
Civil Engineer of Troy, New York.

In the fall of '84 he was detailed to the office of James Shanahan, Superintendent of Public Works, and by him was made Engineer in Charge of the Shinnecock & Peconic Canal, near Good Ground, Suffolk county, N. Y.

In connection with the State service many works of importance have been intrusted to his supervision, among which may be mentioned the successful lengthening of "Mud Lock," at the junction of the Oswego Canal and Seneca River. Mr. Baltimore's orders were to remain upon the work at all times. This lock was lengthened upon a bed of quicksand. The following extract from the State Engineer's report shows the thoroughness with which the work was done: "Although the masonry was built in sections, and the character of the material so soft that bearing piles, twenty feet in length, often floated out of place, no settlement sufficient to show a crack in the cement could be found, the quicksand being so confined that a solid foundation was formed."

When the Hon. John Bogart assumed control of the State Engineer's office he retained Mr. Baltimore. About the middle of January be returned from Long Island, having completed surveys for the improvement of Peconic River, and since then has been in charge of the Cement Testing Department for the State. In his duties Mr. Baltimore has often had direction of large numbers of men. His rare tact has enabled him to handle them successfully. Mr. Baltimore made drawings illustrating an article by Engineer Roebling, of the Brooklyn Bridge fame, receiving from Mr. Roebling very flattering encomiums The hours spent by your correspondent with the young engineer at his father's home were very enjoyable. Surrounded with the evidences of a cultivated and discriminating taste you inhale an elevating atmosphere. His conversation impresses you with this fact. that you have met a man, keen and alert in practical affairs, in courtesy a gentleman. So far as I am aware, Mr. Baltimore is the first young man of the race who has received the degree of Civil Engineer from a technical institution. I cite him, therefore, as an example worthy of the emulation of others.

G. W. T.

OPINIONS OF LEADING

Republicans of Kansas on the Southern Policy of President Harrison.

Topeka, Kansas Special.

Your correspondent interviewed several of the leading colored Republicans of this State on the political situation and put the following questions to them:

(1.) Have you read the press on Harrison's Southern policy?

(2.) Do you think a Southern protective party can be built up sufficiently strong to defeat the Democracy in the South?

(3) Do you think the solution of the Southern question will eliminate the Negro from politics?

(4.) What is the feeling of colored men, so far as you may know, towards the administration?

Following are the answers as given to questions in regular order:

Hon C. L. D. Randamie, Real Estate Broker, (1) "Yes."

(2) "I doubt that seriously but since that seeems to be a hobby of the President's, it may be well to try it so as to demonstrate the utter fallacy of the notion, that the South can ever be won to the support of any thing or person Republican."

(3.) "Believing as I do, that the President's efforts will be ineffectual, the Negro will remain just what and where he is politically."

(4.) "Those around Topeka who are not already hostile are becoming doubtful as to the benefits likely to accrue to the colored people. I am watching the unfolding of things before forming definite opinions."

Hon. Geo. R. Waters, abstrator and candidate for register of deeds of Shawnee Co.:

(1.) "I have."

(2.) "Yes, I do."

(3.) "I believe that the solution of the Southern question will eventually eliminate the Negro from politics. (Why?) Because Harrison is making concessions to the Southern people to the detriment of the Negro."

(4.) "I have only consulted the business men with whom I have come in contact and they all feel as I do, though some of them are more pronounced than I, i. e., in anathemas, relative to President Harrison. Am an old soldier and sailor; I ask for nothing, don't want anything, but feel that my race is entitled to recognition."

Hon. S. W. Winn, secretary and director of J. D. Knox, Land, Loan and Investment Co.

(1.) "I have."

(2.) "It can, but it will require a greater amount of time, exertion and humiliation than to go about it in an honorable way. I don't believe in hiring a refractory child in addition to petting and coaxing. I believe in exercising authorities which belong to those in authority. I believe that there is a law sufficient to make the people do right; that they should not be rewarded for the trouble they have made, and also that Harrison will not take such a course and that if such a policy as has been outlined at the Birmingham, fiasco, is adopted, the people who will be grossly insulted thereby will organize by '92 and resent the insult."

(3.) "Not necessarily; the administration should look upon the Southern whites as common mortals and not half Deities with rights divine, more than belong to other men. Should say to them as did General Grant, that they should and must obey the law. By enforcing this law they would adopt a new policy, one of friendly co-operation with their colored fellow citizens as so wisely suggested by President Harrison in his inaugural address. As for the South it is one of their expedients, a cute piece of strategy, if they believe it can work. The Negro will never be eliminated from politics."

(4.) "Many are disatisfied. I am in favor of giving them a fair trial the next four years and then if they have failed to do justice by us, cut loose. at least that is my intention."

Hon. H. Rolling: (1.) "I have."

(2.) "Yes, if properly managed; provided he recognizes the colored contingent in the South. If Harrison continues his policy during his administration, in my judgment there will be few colored Republicans in the country."

(3.) "I think that it will."

(4.) "So far as I know the general feeling is that the Administration has not treated them justly and a great many do not think that it will. I think the Negro will give the administration a fair trial. I am, and have always been and unflinching Republican, but unless some change. and a material one, is made in the attitude of the G. O. P., towards the Negro, I will henceforth be for the man or party who is for the Negro."

Prof. W. J. Johnson: (1.) "Yes."

(2.) I do think think that the Democracy of the South can be overthrown by any party pursuing the line of policy that President Harrison is pursuing."

(3.) "No! I do not believe that the Negro will ever be eliminated from the politics of this country. I think that the only solution of that problem is to give the Negro a fair show, treat him like a man and teach him to act and think for himself like other men."

(4.) "At this time it is not very friendly. They think that President Harrison is catering to the whims and prejudices of the South, to the great neglect and detriment of the Negroes by whose votes he was elected to the Presidency.

Col. John M. Brown: (1.) "I have, sir."

(2.) "Yes. That is with a complete union of the black and white Republicans of the South and a free ballot and a fair count."

(3.) "No, sir, never. The Negro is a fixed factor in the political machinery of this country and can never be eliminated from the politics of this Government by any political party. He holds the balance of power and will hold it for the next century in the U. S. Government and will be one of the controlling powers in it as soon as they have intelligence to handle their votes as they should and become as a mite for the best interests of the race. Then they will be both felt and respected by all political parties in this country."

The above is a synopsis of the opinions of prominent and life long Republicans which if it demonstrates anything more than another, it is that they view the President's policy with alarm and forbodings which portends no good to the Negro.

P. H. BRAY.

PERSONAL

Madame Selika and husband are now in Huntsville, Ala.

Mr. Wm. Barnet has charge of the two brass bands at Cairo, Ill.

J. Pennoyer Jones has been elected judge of Chicot County, Ark.

Miss Julia Vaughan is giving lessons in oil paintings in Washington, D. C.

G. E. Evans, of Memphis, Tenn., has be appointed transfer mail clerk at that place.

Mr. Green A. Stephens is now canvassing the State of Mississippi in the interest of The Freeman.

Dave Osborn, a wheel-right and blacksmith of Houston, Texas is doing a prospering business.

Dr. J. O. Walton has been appointed on the board of medical examiners for the pension department at Cairo, Ill.

S. B. Turner, a well known man of Springfield, Ill., has resumed the publication of the Capital, of that city. Mr. Turner is an enterprising newspaper man and deserves a liberal support.

Thos. W. Stewart, traveling repesentative for The Freeman has returned after a long and highly successful trip through Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New York State.

Prof. J. H. Burrus, president of the A. and M. College will deliver an address before the National Teachers Association which meets in Nashville, Tenn., July next.

Rev. A. E. P. Alberts, editor of the South Western Christian Advocate will deliver the commencement address at Allon A. and M. College at Rodney Miss., June 16, '89.

Closing of the Spring Term of School and Preparing for the Summer Vacation at St. Philips Industrial School.

The St. Philips Industrial school, after completing a successful term of six months, closed its weekly sessions last Saturday. At the conclusion of devotional exercises the children were served with refreshments, which seemed to increase their enjoyment two-fold.

Fourteen of the girls, who had been in the school but a short time and knew nothing whatever of the art of sewing, wore beautifully made aprons of their own make. From the appearance and workmanship of these and various other articles indicate that their time in this institution is being well spent.

Great credit is due Mrs. Hall, Misses Upfold and Howland, who are devoting their time in this school without compensation, for the manner in which they are endeavoring to train the minds and hands of these children in this and other useful branches of activity.

Our young ladies may be graduated from schools and colleges, but if they ignore or neglect to acquire a knowledge of how to handle the needle, they will undoubtedly, become extravagant and deficient in one of the essential requistes which all good wives and mothers should possess.

If sewing is not the "art preservative of all other" it is at least an art preservative from raggedness and beggary.

Let us have free sewing schools in this city.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XIX.

IGNOSI'S FAREWELL.

Ten days from that eventful morning found us once more in our old quarters at Loo; and, strange to say, but little the worse for our terrible experience, except that my stubbly hair came out of that cave about three shades grayer than it went in, and that Good never was quite the same after Foulata's death, which seemed to move him greatly. I am bound to say that, looking at the thing from the point of view of an oldish man of the world, I consider her removal was a fortunate occurrence, since, otherwise, complications would have been sure to ensue. The poor creature was no ordinary native girl, but a person of great, I had almost said stately, beauty, and of considerable refinement of mind. But no amount of beauty or refinement could have made an entanglement between Good and herself a desirable occurrence; for, as she herself put it, "Can the sun mate with the darkness, or the white with the black?"

I need hardly state that we never again penetrated into Solomon's treasure chamber. After we had recovered from our fatigues, a process which took us forty-eight hours, we decended into the great pit in the hope of finding the hole by which we had crept out of the mountain, but with no success. To begin with rain had fallen, and obliterated our spoor; and what is more, the sides of the vast pit were full of ant bear and other holes. It was impossible to say to which of these we owed our salvation. We also, on the day before we started back to Loo, made a further examination of the wonders of the stalactite cave, and, drawn by a kind of restless feeling, even penetrated once more into the Chamber of the Death; and passing beneath the spear of the white Death, gazed, with sensations which it would be quite impossible for me to describe, at the mass of rock which had shut us off from escape, thinking, the while, of the priceless treasures beyond, of the mysterious old hag whose flattened fragments lay crushed beneath it, and of the fair girl of whose tomb it was the portal. I say gazed at the "rock," for examine as we would, we could find no traces of the join of the sliding door; nor, indeed, could we hit upon the secret, now utterly lost, that worked it, though we tried for an hour or more. It was certainly a marvelous bit of mechanism, characteristic, in its massive and yet inscrutable simplicity, of the minds which produced it; and I doubt if the world has such another to show.

At last we gave it up in disgust, though if the mass had suddenly risen before our eyes, I doubt if we would have screwed up courage to step over Gagool's mangled remains, and once more enter the treasure chamber, even in the sure and certain hope of unlimited diamonds. And yet I could have cried at the idea of leaving all that treasure, the biggest treasure probably that has ever in the world's history been accumulated in one spot. But there was no help for it. Only dynamite could force its way through five feet of solid rock. And so we left it. Perhaps, in some remote, unborn century, a more fortunate explorer may hit upon the "Open Sesame" and flood the world with gems. But, myself, I doubt it. Somehow, I seem to feel that the millions of pounds' worth of gems that lie in the three stone coffers will never shine round the neck of an earthly beauty. They and Foulata's bones will keep cold company till the end of all things.

With a sigh of disappointment we made our way back, and next day started for Loo. And yet it was really very ungreateful of us to be disappointed; for, as the reader will remember, I had, by a lucky thought, taken the precaution to fill the pockets of my old shooting coat with gems before we left our prison-house. A good many of these fell out in the course of our roll down the side of the pit, including most of the big ones, which I had crammed in on the top. But, comparatively speaking, an enormous quantity still remained, including eighteen large stones ranging from about one hundred to thirty carats in weight. My old shooting coat still held enough treasure to make us all, if not millionaires at least exceedingly wealthy men, and yet to keep enough stones each to make the three finest sets of gems in Europe. So we had not done so badly

On arriving at Loo, we were most cordially received by Ignosi, whom we found well, and busily engaged in consolidating his power, and reorganizing the regiments which had suffered most in the great struggle with Twala.

He listened with breathless interest to our wonderful story; but when we told him of old Gagool's frightful end he grew thoughtful.

"Come hither," he called, to a very old Induna (councilor), who was sitting with others in a circle round the king, but out of ear-shot. The old man rose, approached, saluted, and seated himself.

"Thou art old," said Ignosi.

"Ay, my lord the king!"

"Tell me, when thou wast little, didst thou know Gagacola the witch-doctress?"

"Ay, my lord the king!"

"How was she then—young, like thee?"

"Not so, my lord the king! She was even as now; old and dried, very ugly, and full of wickedness."

"She is no more, she is dead."

"So, O king! then is a curse taken from the land."

"Go!"

"Koom! I go, black puppy, who tore out the old dog's throat. Koom!"

"Ye see, my brothers," said Ignosi, "this was a strange woman, and I rejoice that she is dead. She would have let ye die in the dark place, and mayhap afterward she had found a way to slay me as she found a way to slay my father, and set up Twala, whom her heart loved, in his place. Now go on with the tale; surely there never was the like!"

After I had narrated all the story of our escape, I, as we had agreed between ourselves that I should, took the opportunity to address Ignosi as to our departure from Kukuanaland.

"And now, Ignosi, the time has come for us to bid thee farewell, and start to seek once more our own land. Behold, Ignosi, with us thou camest a servant, and now we leave thee a mighty king. If thou art grateful to us, remember to do even as thou didst promise: to rule justly, to respect the law, and to put none to death without a cause. So shalt thou prosper. To-morrow, at break of day, Ignosi, wilt thou give us an escort who shall lead us across the mountains? Is it not so, O king?"

Ignosi covered his face with his hands for awhile before answering.

"My heart is sore," he said, at last; "your words split my heart in twain. What have I done to ye, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, that ye should leave me desolate? Ye who stood by me in rebellion and battle, will ye leave me in the day of peace and victory? What will ye—wives? Chooes from out the land! A place to live in? Behold, the land is yours as far as ye can see. The white man's houses? Ye shall teach my people how to build them. Cattle for beef and milk? Every married man shall bring ye an ox or a cow. Wild game to hunt? Does not the elephant walk through my forests, and the river-horse sleep in the reeds? Would ye make war? My impis (regiments) wait your word. If there is anything more that I can give, that will I give ye."

"Nay, Ignosi, we want not these things," I answered; "we would seek our own place."

"Now do I perceive," said Ignosi, bitterly, and with flashing eyes, "that it is the bright stones that ye love more than me, your friend. Ye have the stones; now would ye go to Natal and across the moving black water and sell them, and be rich, as it is the desire of a white man's heart to be. Cursed for your sake be the stones, and cursed he who seeks them. Death shall it be to him who sets foot in the place of death to seek them. I have spoken, white men; ye can go."

I laid my hand upon his arm. "Ignosi," I said, "tell us, when thou didst wander in Zululand, and among the white men in Natal, did not thine heart turn to the land thy mother told thee of; thy native land, where thou didst see the light, and play when thou wast little, the land where thy place was?"

"It was even so, Macumazahn."

"Then thus does our hearts turn to our land and to our own place.

Then came a pause. When Ignosi broke it, it was in a different voice.

"I do perceive that thy words are, now as ever, wise and full of reason, Macumazan; that which flies in the air loves not to run along the ground; the white man loves not to live on the level of the black. Well, ye must go, and leave my heart sore, because ye will be as dead to me, since from where ye will be no tidings can come to me.

"But listen, and let all the white men know my words. No other white man shall cross the mountains, even if any may live to come so far. I will see no traders with their guns and rum. My people shall fight with the spear, and drink water like their forefathers before them. I will have no praying-men to put fear of death into men's hearts, to stir them up against the king, and make a path for the white men who follow to run on. If a white man comes to my gates I will send him back; if a hundred come I will push them back; if an army comes I will make war on them with all my strength, and they shall not prevail against me. None shall ever come for the shining stones, no, not an army, for if they come I will send a regiment and fill up the pit, and break down the white columns in the caves and fill them with rocks, so that none can come even to that door of which ye speak, and whereof the way to move it is lost. But for ye three, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, the path is always open; for behold, ye are dearer to me than aught that breathes.

"And ye would go. Infadoos, my uncle, and my Induna, shall take thee by the hand and guide thee, with a regiment. There is, as I have learned, another way across the mountains that he shall show ye. Farewell, my brothers, brave white men. See me no more, for I have no heart to bear it. Behold, I make a decree, and it shall be published from the mountains to the mountains, your names, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, shall be as the names of dead kings, and he who speaks them shall die.[*] So shall your memory be preserved in the land for ever.

"Go now, ere my eyes rain tears like a woman's. At times when ye look back down the path of life, or when ye are old and gather yourselves together to crouch before the fire, because the sun has no more heat, ye will think of how we stood shoulder to shoulder in that great battle that thy wise words planned, Macumazahn; or how thou wast the point of that horn that galled Twala's flank, Bougwan; whilst thou stoodst in the ring of the Grays, Incubu, and men went down before thine ax like corn before a sickle; ay, and of how thou didst break the wild bull's (Twala's) strength, and bring his pride to dust. Fare ye well however, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, my lords and my friends."

He rose, looked earnestly at us for a few seconds, and then threw the corner of his kaross over his face from us.

We went in silence.

Next day at dawn we left Loo, escorted by our old friend Infadoos, who was heart-broken at our departure, and the regiment of Buffaloes. Early as the hour was, all the main streets of the town was lined with multitudes of people, who gave us the royal salute as we passed at the head of the regiment, while the women blessed us as having rid the land of Twala, throwing flowers before us as we went. It really was very affecting; and not the sort of thing one is accustomed to meet with from natives.

One very ludicrous incident occurred, however, which I rather welcomed as it gave us something to laugh at.

Just before we get to the confines of the town a pretty young girl, with some beautiful lilies in her hand, came running forward and presented them to Good (somehow they all seemed to like Good; I think his eyeglass and solitary whisker gave him a fictitious value), and then said she had a boon to ask.

"Speak on."

"Let my lord show his servant his beautiful white legs, that his servant may look on them, and remember them all her days, and tell of them to her children; his servant has traveled four days' journey to see them, for the fame of them has gone throughout the land."

"I'll be hanged if I do," said Good, excitedly.

"Come, come, my dear fellow," said Sir Henry, "you can't refuse to oblige a lady."

"I won't," said Good, obstinately; "it is positively indecent."

However, in the end he consented to draw up his trousers to the knee, amidst notes of rapturous admiration from all the women present, especially the gratified young lady, and in this guise he had to walk till we got clear of the town.

Good's legs will, I fear, never be so greatly admired again. Of his melting teeth, and even of his "transparent eye" they wearied more or less, but of his legs, never.

As we traveled Infadoos told us that there was another pass over the mountains to the north of the one followed by Solomon's great road, or rather that there was a place where it was possible to climb down the wall of a cliff that separated Kukuanaland from the desert, and was broken by the towering shapes of Sheba's Breasts. It appeared, too, that rather more than two years previously a party of Kukuana hunters had descended this path into the desert in search of ostriches, whose plumes were much prized among them for war head-dresses, and that in the course of their hunt they had been led far from the mountains, and were much troubled by thirst. Seeing, however, trees on the horizon, they made toward them, and discovered a large and fertile oasis of miles in extent, and plentifully watered. It was by way of this oasis that he suggested that we should return, and the idea seemed to us a good one, as it appeared that we should escape the rigors of the mountain pass, and as some of the hunters were in attendance to guide us to the oasis, from which, they stated, they could perceive more fertile spots far away in the desert.

Traveling easily, on the night of the fourth day's journey we found ourselves once more on the crest of the mountains that separate Kukuanaland from the desert, which rolled away in sandy billows at our feet, and about twenty-five miles to the north of Sheba's Breasts.

At dawn on the following day, we were led to the commencement of a precipitous descent, by which we were to descend the precipice, and gain the desert two thousand and more feet below.

Here we bade farewell to that true friend and sturdy old warrior, Infadoos, who solemnly wished all good upon us, and nearly wept with grief. "Never, my lords," he said, "shall mine old eyes see the like of ye again. Ah! the way that Incubu cut his men down in the battle! Ah! for the sight of that stroke with which he swept off my brother Twala' head! It was beautiful—beautiful! I may never hope to see such another, except perchance in happy dreams."

We were very sorry to part from him, indeed, Good was so moved that he gave him as a souvenir—what do you think?—an eyeglass. (Afterward we discovered that it was a spare one.) Infadoos was delighted, foreseeing that the possession of such an article would enormously increase his prestige, and after several vain attempts actually succeeded in screwing it into his own eye. Any thing more incongruous than the old warrior looked with an eyeglass I never saw. Eyeglasses don't go well with leopard-skin cloaks and black ostrich plumes.

Then, having seen that our guides were well laden with water and provisions, and having received a thundering farewell salute from the Buffaloes, we wrung the old warrior's hand, and began our downward climb. A very arduous business it proved to be, but somehow that evening we found ourselves at the bottom without accident.

"Do you know," said Sir Henry that night, as we sat by our fire and gazed up at the beetling cliffs above us, "I think that there are worse places than Kukuanaland in the world, and that I have spent unhappier times than the last month or two, though I have never spent such queer ones. Eh! you fellows?"

"I almost wish I were back," said Good, with a sigh.

As for myself, I reflected that all's well that ends well; but in the course of a long life of shaves, I never had such shaves as those I had recently experienced. The thought of that battle still makes me feel cold all over, and as for our experience in the treasure chamber—!

Next morning we started on a toilsome march across the desert, having with us a good supply of water carried by our five guides, and camped that night in the open, starting again at dawn on the morrow.

By midday of the third day's journey we could see the trees of the oasis of which the guides spoke, and by an hour before sundown we were once more walking upon grass and listening to the sound of running water.

CHAPTER XX

FOUND.

And now I come to perhaps the strangest thing that happened to us in all that strange business, and one which shows how wonderfully things are brought about.

I was walking quietly along, some way in front of the other two, down the banks of the stream, which ran from the oasis till it was swallowed up in the hungry desert sands, when I suddenly stopped and rubbed my eyes, as well I might. There, not twenty yards in front, placed in a charming situation, under the shade of a species of fig-tree, and facing to the stream, was a cozy hut built more or less on the Kafir principle of grass and withes, only with a full length door instead of a bee-hole.

"What the dickens," said I to myself, "can a hut be doing here?" Even as I said it, the door of the hut opened, and there limped out of it a white man clothed in skins, and with enormous black beard. I thought that I must have got a touch of the sun. It was impossible. No hunter ever came to such a place as this. Certainly no hunter would ever settle in it. I stared and stared, and so did the other man, and just at that juncture Sir Henry and Good came up.

"Look here, you fellows," I said "is that a white man, or am I mad?"

Sir Henry looked, and Good looked, and then all of a sudden the lame white man with the black beard gave a cry, and came hobbling toward us. When he got close, he fell down in a sort of faint.

With a spring Sir Henry was by his side.

"Great Powers!" he cried, "it is my brother George!"

At the sound of the disturbance, another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his, and came running toward us. On seeing me he too gave a cry.

"Macumazahn," he halloed, "don't you know me, Baas? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Baas, and we have been here nearly two years." And the fellow fell at my feet, and rolled over and over, weeping for joy.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hided."

Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were pump-handling away at each other, apparently without a word to say. But whatever they had quarreled about in the past (I suspect it was a lady, though I never asked), it was evidently forgotten now.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomon's Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old Aasvogel (vulture)."

"I tried to go over Solomon's Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hesitating voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I got here, a bowlder fell on my leg and crushed it, and I have been able to go neither forward nor back."

Then I came up. "How do you do, Mr. Neville?" I said; "do you remember me?"

"Why," he said, "isn't it Quatermain, eh, and Good, too? Hold on a minute, you fellows, I am getting dizzy again It is all so very strange, and, when a man has ceased to hope, so very happy."

That evening, over the camp-fire, George Curtis told us his story, which, in its ways, was almost as eventful as our own, and amounted shortly to this. A little short of two years before, he had started from Sitanda's Kraal, to try and reach the mountains. As for the note I had sent him by Jim, that worthy had lost it, and he had never heard of it till to-day. But, acting upon information he had received from the natives, he made, not for Sheba's Breasts, but for the ladder-like descent of the mountains down which we had just come, which was clearly a better route than that marked out in old Don Silvestra's plan. In the desert he and Jim suffered great hardships, but finally they reached this oasis, where a terrible accident befell George Curtis. On the day of their arrival, he was sitting by the stream, and Jim was extracting the honey from the nest of a stingless bee, which is to be found in the desert, on the top of the bank immediately above him. In so doing he loosed a great bowlder of rock, which fell upon George Curtis's right leg, crushing it frightfully. From that day he had been so dreadful lame, that he had found it impossible to go either forward or back, and had preferred to take the chances of dying on the oasis to the certainty of perishing in the desert.

As for food, however, they had got on pretty well, for they had a good supply of ammunition and the oasis was frequented, especially at night, by large quantities of game, which came thither for water. These they shot, or trapped in pitfalls, using their flesh for food, and, after their clothes wore out, their hides for covering.

"And so," he ended, "we have lived for nearly two years, like a second Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, hoping against hope that some natives might come here and help us away, but none have come. Only last night we settled that Jim should leave us and try to reach Sitanda's Kraal and get assistance. He was to go to-morrow, but I had little hope of ever seeing him back again. And now you, of all people in the world, you, who I fancied had long ago forgotten all about me, and were living comfortably in old England, turn up in a promiscuous way and find me where you least expected. It is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of, and the most merciful, too.

Then Sir Henry set to work and told him the main facts of our adventures, sitting till late into the night to do it.

"By Jove!" he said, when I showed him some of the diamonds, "well, at least you have got something for your pains, besides my worthless self."

Sir Henry laughed. "They belong to Quatermain and Good. It was part of the bargain that they should share any spoils there might be."

This remark set me thinking, and having spoken to Good I told Sir Henry that it was our unanimous wish that he should take a third share of the diamonds, or if he would not, that his share should be handed to his brother, who had suffered even more than ourselves on the chance of getting them. Finally we prevailed upon him to consent to this arrangement, but George Curtis did not know of it till some time afterward.

And here, at this point, I think I shall end this history. Our journey across the desert back to Sitanda's Kraal was most arduous, especially as we had to support George Curtis, whose right leg was very weak indeed, and continually throwing out splinters of bone; but we did accomplish it somehow, and to give its details would only be to reproduce much of what happened to us on the former occasion.

Six months from the date of our rearrival at Sitandi's, where we found our guns and our goods quite safe, though the old scoundrel in charge was much disgusted at our surviving to claim them, saw us all once more safe and sound at my little place on the Berea, near Durban, where I am now writing, and whence I bid farewell to all who have accompanied me throughout the strangest trip I ever made in the course of a long and varied experience.

Just as I had written the last word, a Kafir came up my avenue of orange trees, with a letter in a cleft stick, which he had brought from the post. It turned out to be from Sir Henry, and as it speaks for itself I give it in full.

"Brayley Hall, Yorkshire.

"MY DEAR QUATERMAIN:—I sent you a line a few mails back to say the three of us, George, Good, and myself, fetched up all right in England. We got off the boat at Southampton, and went up to town. You should have seen what a swell Good turned out the next day, beautifully shaved, frock coat fitting like a glove, brand new eyeglass, etc. etc. I went and walked in the park with him, where I met some people I knew, and at once told them the story of his 'beautiful white legs.'

"He is furious, especially as some ill-natured person has printed it in a society paper.

"To come to business, Good and I took the diamonds to Streeter's to be valued, as we arranged, and I am really afraid to tell you what they put them at, it seems so enormous. They say that of course it's more or less guess work, as such stones have never to their knowledge been put on the market in anything like such quantities. It appears that they are (with the exception of one or two of the largest) of the finest water, and equal in every way to the best Brazilian stones. I asked them if they would buy them, but they said it was beyond their power to do so, and recommended us to sell by degrees, for fear we should flood the market. They offer, however, a hundred and eighty thousand for a small portion of them.

"You must come home, Quatermain, and see about these things, especially if you insist upon making the magnificent present of the third share, which does not belong to me, to my brother George. As for Good, he is no good. His time is too much occupied in shaving, and other matters connected with the vain adorning of the body. But I think he is still down on his luck about Foulata. He told me that since he has been home he hadn't seen a woman to touch her, either as regards her figure or the sweetnees of her expression.

"I want you to come home, my dear old comrade, and buy a place near here. You have done your day's work, and have lots of money now, and there is a place for sale quite close which would suit you admirably. Do come; the sooner the better; you can finish writing the story of our adventures on board ship. We have refused to tell the story till it is written by you, for fear that we shall not be believed. If you start on receipt of this, you will reach here by Christmas, and I book you to stay with me for that. Good is coming and George, and so, by the way, is your boy Harry (there's a bribe for you). I have had him down for a week's shooting, and like him. He is a cool young hand; he shot me in the leg, cut out the pellets, and then remarked upon the advantage of having a medical student in every shooting party.

"Good-bye, old boy; I can't say any more, but I know that you will come, if it is only to oblige,

"Your sincere friend,

"HENRY CURTIS.

"P. S.—The tusks of the great bull that killed poor Khiva have been put up in the hall here, over the pair of buffalo horns you gave me, and look magnificent; and the ax with which I chopped off Twala's head is stuck up over my writing table. I wish we could have managed to bring away the oats of chain armor.

"H. C."

To-day is Tuesday. There is a steamer going on Friday, and I really think I must take Curtis at his word, and sail by her for England, it it is only to see my boy Harry and see about the printing of this history, which it a task I do not like to trust to anybody else.

THE END.

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[*] This extraordinary and negative way of showing intense respect is by no means unknown among African people, and the result is that if, as is usual, the name in question has a significance, the meaning has to be expressed by an idiom or another word. In this way a memory is preserved for generations, or until the new word supplants the old one.

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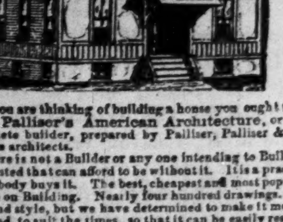

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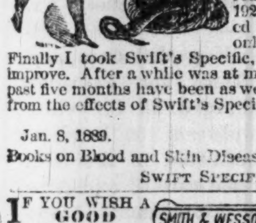

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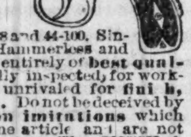

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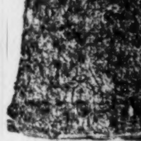

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His Own Story of One Hundred and Sixty Days of Gloom and Suffering.

From his Letter to Mr. Bruce, of Edinburgh.

While in England, considering the best routes open to the Nyanza (Albert), I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region lying between the Congo and the grass land, but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, ploughing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took us 160 days before we could say, "Thank God we are out of the darkness at last." At one time we were all—whites and blacks—almost "done up." September, October and half of that month of November, 1887, will not be forgotten by us. October will be specially memorable to us for the sufferings we endured. Our officers are heartily sick of the forest, but the loyal blacks, a band of 130, followed me once again into the wild trackless forest, with its hundreds of inconveniences, to assist their comrades of the rear column. Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shades of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high, briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine his forest in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes and colors, murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines, with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps, rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness, almost palpable, throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead; you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 26 to Dec. 5, 1887, and from June 1, 1888, to the present date, to continue again from the present date till about Dec. 10, 1888, when I hope then to say a last farewell to the Congo forest. Now that we have gone through and through this forest region, I only feel a surprise that I did not give a greater latitude to my ideas respecting its extent; for had we thought of it, it is only what might have been deducted from our knowledge of the great sources of moisture necessary to supply the forest with the requisite sap and vitality. Think of the large extent of the South Atlantic ocean, whose vapors are blown during nine months of the year in this direction. Think of the broad Congo, varying from one to sixteen miles wide, which has a stretch of fourteen hundred miles, supplying another immeasurable quantity of moisture, to be distilled into rain, and mist, and dew over this insatiable forest; and then another six hundred miles of the Aruwimi or Ituri itself, and then you will cease to wonder that there are about 150 days of rain in every year in this region, and that the Congo forest covers such a wide area.

Until we set foot on the grass land, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we saw nothing that looked like a smile, or a kind thought or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one-half the time every day resembles a winter sky in England; the face of nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon, and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

Emerging from the forest finally, we all became enraptured. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue cope of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches, and gloomy thoughts, and unwelcome ideas were banished. You have heard how the London citizen, after months of devotion to business in the gaseous atmosphere in that great city, falls into rapture at sight of the green fields and hedges, meadows and trees, and how his emotions, crowding on his dazed senses, are indescribable. Indeed I have seen a Derby day once, and I fancied then that I only saw madmen, for great, bearded, hoary-headed fellows, though well dressed enough, behaved in a most idiotic fashion, amazing me quite. Well, on this 5th of December we became suddenly smitten with madness in the same manner. Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that "Legion" had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide, unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of its grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, roan entelope, stood on either hand, with pointed ears and wide eyes, wondering at the sudden wave of human beings, yelling with joy, as they issued out of the dark depths of the forest.

On the confines of this forest, near a village which was rich in sugar cane, ripe bananas, tobacco, Indian corn, and other productions of aboriginal husbandry, we came across an ancient woman lying asleep. I belive she was a miner and an out cast, but she was undoubtedly ugly, vicious and old; and being old, she was obstinate. I practiced all kinds seductive arts to set her to do something beside crossly mumbling, but of no avail. Curiosity having drawn toward us about a hundred of our people, she fastened fixed eyes on one young fellow (smoothed-faced and good looking), and smiled. I caused him to sit near her, and she became voluble enough—beauty and youth had tamed the "beast." From her talk we learned that there was a powerful tribe, called the Banzanza, with a great king, to the northeast of our camp of whom we might be well afraid, as the people were as numerous as grass. Had we learned this ten days earlier, I might have become anxious for the result, but it now only drew a contemptuous smile from the people, for each one, since he had seen the grass land and evidences of meat, had been transformed into a hero.

We poured out on the plain a frantic multitude, but after an hour or two we became an orderly column. Into the emptied villages of the open country we proceeded to regale ourselves on melon, rich-flavored bananas and plaintains and great pots full of wine. The fowls, unaware of the presence of a hungry mob, were knocked over, plucked, roasted or boiled; the goats, meditatively browsing or chewing the cud, were suddenly seized and decapitated, and the greatful aroma of roast meat gratified our senses. An abundance, a prodigal abundance, of good things, had awaited our irruption into the grass land. Every village was well stocked with provisions, and even luxuries long denied to us. Under such fare the men became most robust, diseases healed as if by magic, the weak became strong, and there was not a goee-goee or chicken-heart left. Only the Babusesses, near the main Ituri, were tempted to resist the invasion.

White House Hygienics.

Boston Transcript.

The White House is carefully attended to every year, and the filling up of the flats at the back of the house has done away with the malarial influences from that quarter. It deserves now, just as much as it ever did, the encomiums that captious Tom Moore passed on it—almost the only thing he found in this country to praise; and the great country house upon which it is modelled—that of the Duke of Leinster—is considered one of the finest in Great Britain. When Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, was in Washington, he went into raptures over the architectural beauty of the building, declaring the proportions were among the most correct of any he had ever seen. As for the cramped five bedrooms, there are in reality six, and they are all perfectly huge, with high ceilings, great mantels and heavy, old-fashioned windows, out of which the most charming views are visible. They all open on a large corridor, the size of the state corridor downstairs, and on the whole it seems rather ridiculous that people who were yesterday plain American citizens, and tomorrow will be plain American citizens, should not be able to make themselves comfortable in the house that Abigail Adams thought was palatial.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

N. Y. Weekly.

The man who kan live in idleness successfully, must either be too pure or too lazy too commit enny sin.

Poetri iz a disseaze common tew all the literati; sum hav it quite hard, but most hav it dredful lite.

Inkredulity iz the wisdum ov a phool; it iz only a wize man who kan afford tew be eredulous.

Prejudice iz a hous plant which iz very apt tew wither if yu take it out amungst phelks.

I hav seen pholks so melankolly and so gloomy that they wouldn't admit thare was a brite side tew ennything in this world, not even tow a nu haff dollar.

I am so phully aware ov the uncertainty ov the law, that if a man whom I never seen nor hear ov should su me for debt ov one hundred dollars, and i couldn't kompound with him for fifty I would pay the whole rather than defend the suit.

To Dislodge the Enemy,

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well nigh impossible of accomplishment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest indications of inactivity of the many organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which possesses, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond, the bounds of safety. It invigorates always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh or the bladder, are diseases successfully combatted in their incipiency with this benign medical stimulant and tonic. Besides reinforcing and regulating the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia.

Her Consolation.

Haper's Magazine.

Bankrupt's Wife. "Well, at any rate, the Thompson failure was worse than ours."

Sympathizing Friend. "Why, I thought it was just the other way."

Bankrupt's Wife. "No, indeed: Edward only failed for ten cents on the dollar, while Mr. Thompson failed for fifty!"

IMITATION IS IMPOSSIBLE.

It has been shown that in many cases it is easy to successfully imitate.

Scarcely has a new invention been announced before a host of imitations spring up on every side.

No higher encomium can be paid the inventor or discoverer than to encounter imitation, notwithstanding such flattery is not acceptable.

In some cases successful imitation is rendered impossible, inasmuch as the imitator is unable to lend a complete knowledge to the subject or has not the means at hand to aid him.

Perhaps no article has been the object of attempted imitation more than the world-wide specific for the prevention and cure of kidney and liver disorders, familiarly known as Warner's Safe Cure.

In the preparation of this intensely popular remedial agent, it is claimed that it is impossible to succesfully imitate safe cure, even if the correct formula is known, because the peculiar devices and highly expensive mechanism used in its manufacture are beyond the reach of the would-be imitator.

Adding to this the lack of a long experience, which has rendered perfect every step in its preparation which inventive genius can suggest, together with the great skill exercised in the selection of only the very best materials, the genuine article is perfection itself.

Some effort is also being made to imitate a popular line of old-fashioned log cabin "home cures" known as "Warner's Log Cabin" remedies, comprising a sarsaparilla for the blood, hops and buchu for the stomach and system, cough remedy for colds, rose cream for catarrh, extract for relief from pain, hair tonic, porous plasters and pills.

Successful imitation is rendered impossible for the reason that the same care has been given in their preparation.

An expensive laboratory, costing thousands of dollars, has been specially constructed for their manufacture and is under the immediate supervision of the best chemists known.

Poor material and means employed would be susceptible to easy imitation, but with the best of material, machinery and skilled labor employed, these household articles are given to the public beyond the reach of all successful counterfeiters.

No gift can make rich those who are poor in wisdom —Julia Ward Howe.

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a Free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Every one praises it. Large size package, 50 cts. At all druggists.

The messenger boy's diary—Monday, hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M. D., Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A revenue cutter—A clipper of coupons.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address,

Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

A swell affair—The big head.

"Browns's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va. *N. B.—Ladies employed also. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. Come quick. Yours for biz. B. F. J. & CO.*

MILK I will send for 12 cents in stamps a recipe to increase the flow of milk in Cows 25 per cent. IT WILL DO IT. Sure. Address, J. A. SNYDER, Trenton, N. J. Mention this paper.

RUBBER ROOFING.

UNEQUALED

For House, Barn, and all out-buildings. Anybody can put it on.

PRICE LOW.

Write for Sample and Book.

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INDIANA PAINT & ROOFING CO.

For SHEDS and POULTRY BUILDINGS

We manufacture an excellent roof for

$2.00 per 100 Square Feet

Also Sheeting Paper for lining inside at

$1.50 per Roll of 300 Square Feet

Keeps building warmer in winter and cooler in summer. How to save reshingling, stop leaks effectually and cheaply in roofs of all kinds, or lay new roofs, particulars free if you mention this paper. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT.

"What makes my skin so dark and muddy?
My cheeks were once so smooth and ruddy.
I use the best cosmetics made:"
Is what a lovely maiden said.

"That's not the cure, my charming Miss,"
The doctor said—"remember this:
If you your skin would keep from taint,
Discard the powder and the paint."

"The proper thing for all such ills
Is this," remarked the man of pills:
"Enrich the blood and make it pure—
In this you'll find the only cure."

For cleansing, purifying and enriching the blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal. It cures all humors from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "Fever-sores," "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money refunded.

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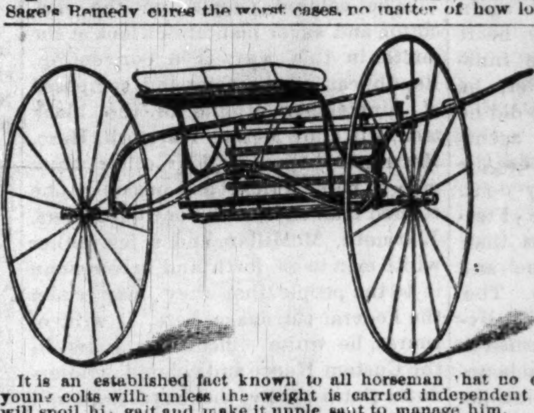
$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.



THE WHITING IMPROVED CART.

Has seven-eighths and one inch double collar steel axle, built in two sizes for one or two passengers, painted or wood finish, has a 40 inch spring extending from shoulder to shoulder directly under the arched axle, hanging the seat directly over the axle and spring There is positively no weight on shafts for horse to carry, as we carry our load directly over the center of axle and spring.

It is an established fact known to all horseman that no cart is fit to use especially to brake young colts with unless the weight is carried independent of the shafts, as any shaft motion will spoil his gait and make it unpleasant to manage him.

When in want of a cart please write to

GEO. HARRISON, Logansport, Ind.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. PRICE 25 CTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A WET HEN

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."

Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

DR. HORNE'S
ELECTRIC BELT

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE.

DR. HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT positively cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER, KIDNEY and exhausting chronic diseases of both sexes. Contains 23 to 100 degrees of Electricity. GUARANTEED the latest improved, cheapest, scientific, powerful, durable and effective MEDICAL ELECTRIC BELT in the WORLD. Electric Suspensories free with Male Belts. Avoid bogus companies with many aliases and worthless imitations. ELECTRIC TRUSSES FOR RUPTURE. 9,000 cured. Send stamp for illustrated pamphlet.

DR. W. J. HORNE, REMOVED TO 180 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.

5 TON WAGON SCALES,

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box,

$60 and JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

CHEAP HOMES in the **FARMING REGIONS** of NEBRASKA, KANSAS, COLORADO and WYOMING. FREE GOVERNMENT AND OTHER LANDS. DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR WITH MAP, SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

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BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.

G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.

D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

$5 TO $10 A DAY. AGENTS WANTED!

—CIRCULARS FREE.—

1,000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders given away to introduce them. Every horse owner buys from 1 to 6. Lines never under horses' feet. Send 25 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel-Plated sample that sells for [illegible]

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

DR. HORNE'S ELECTRIC TRUSS

RUPTURE

Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous *Electric & Magnetic current.* Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send stamp for pamphlet.

ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.

DR. HORNE, REMOVED TO 180 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Late Principal Examiner, U. S. Pension Bureau, Att'y at Law, Washington D. C., successfully prosecutes claims—original increase, re-rating, widows', children's and dependent relatives'. Experience: 3 years in last war, 15 years in Pension Bureau, and attorney since then.

$25 WEEKLY! Representatives wanted Goods new and sell on sight. Household necessity. No canvassing. ELITE M'F'G. CO., Pullman Bldg, Chicago.

WELL DRILLS

FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Send 20 cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars.

F. C. Austin Mfg. Co

Carpenter St and Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SINGERS and Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN Washington, D. C Send for Circular

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

IN 3 18—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this Paper.

LADIES' [illegible] Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. [illegible] 2 sizes. [illegible] by mail, [illegible] Dr. CATON, Box [illegible]

THE FREEMAN
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED
COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER. PROPRIETOR

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

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One copy, one year	$2.40
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Invariably in advance.

Cash must in all cases accompany orders for subscription.

Send money by Postoffice order. Express money, Bank draft or Registered letter. Address

EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

DON'T miss the next issue of The Freeman. In the vernacular of the street, it will be a "hummer."

THE Boston Advocate, which suspended last week, having over eleven hundred subscribers, only sixty-five of whom had paid up, furnishes food for reflection. There is a sermon in it. The history of The Advocate, if carefully written, would be very analogous, indeed, to the history of every other colored newspaper published. They begin with a purpose, fixed principles, and generally an outlined policy. They have a mission, a duty to perform, and they begin it enthusiastically. They begin it with great eclat and flourish of trumpets. Long letters of commendation and congratulation are received from admiring friends who wish to subscribe, but who omitted to inclose the wherewith. The subscription list grows as if touched by magic, but somehow the editor finds that the receipts do not quite equal the expenditures. But he perseveres—lives in hopes (but he will soon quit in despair and disgust). He is advised to push his paper through agents, and again bright visions come to his weary heart and troubled breast. Like the innocent lamb going to the slaughter, he knows not whither he goes—if he did he wouldn't go, but he goes. The agents may not do it the first week or the second week, but they will surely do it. (One agent in New York got The Freeman for over twenty dollar in less than six weeks, but he was a big one and used his "rep" on The Freeman). The editor still chasing phantoms, still living in hopes, finds his money earned in some other business gone and he is unable to "get out." His subscription list is large and his debtors are many but some how he can not get it together. This is the history not only of the Advocate, but of nearly every other colored newspaper. The race is too indifferent to make its newspapers powerful and influential. Negro journalism is an experiment and the journalists are pioneers. Our journalists, writers, and men of letters are here but they have no constituency. Our traveling representative tells us that while traveling East, his greatest difficulty was to induce intelligent, well to do colored people to subscribe for the paper. They were already taking some white paper, which constantly referred to their race as "coon" "burly nigger" etc., etc., but they were content and are still content to let the slanderers and vilifiers come to their home and be read by their children. In most of the southern cities, one half and two thirds in some cases of the patronage of the white papers come from the colored people, and yet these same people are not mentioned except in connection with crimes or casualities. This is one phase of the race problem which our leaders would well to look at.

Toadyism is so rampant that honest criticism has gone out of the business. The tongue seldom unhinges itself unless it be to flatter. Nothing is adverseed criticised except that which jealousy and enmity have set themselves against From what one reads or hears now he would think everything grand and great every person superb, learned and gentlemanly, and if one didn't have to live, move and have experience he would think the millenium already here.—Plaindealer.

Sensible words these. And yet when the truth is told, when Mr. Douglass talks horse sense and tells the Negro his faults, the whole Negro press is up in arms against him. When a Negro is found who has the moral courage to speak his sentiments, to leave the old beaten tracks, to take a new departure in religions, politics and social ethics, he is ostracised and branded. It is crime. It is heresy in the eyes of many of us. The Negro is not educated up to this. It is pleasant to be with the majority, and there is not so much liability in catering for popularity. A lack of manhood and moral courage explains much of this toadyism this "sugar coated flattery."

THE Negro has been coming for the last quarter of a century and it now looks as if he had arrived. In every sphere of action he is to be found and he is generally able to hold his own. His agility and physical prowess was again demonstrated in a prize ring in San Francisco the other night, when Jackson, the "colored heavy weight," fairly "mopped the earth" with Patrick Cardiff, a professional boxer, with a reputation and many trophies from the prize ring.

THE appointment of colored men to minor and inferior places goes on with unabated vigor. There has not been a single Negro appointed to a Presidential position up to this writing.

THE People's Advocate suggests this inverted application of Kentucky's motto as applied to the Negro: "Divided we stand, united we fall."

CONSIDERABLE editorial matter is crowded out of this issue of The Freeman to give space to correspondence, portraits and illustrations.

ROBERT SMALL has not been appointed to anything by President Harrison, the colored press to the contrary, notwithstanding.

ALLAIN'S VIEWS.

A Shrewd Colored Republican on Harrison's Policy.

Senator T. T. Allain, of Iberville, was in the city yesterday, and proffered to the interrogatories of a Times-Democrat reporter his opinions on the political situation and the President's policy. He said:

"While I would like to lead a quiet life with my wife and daughters and to keep out of the present issue, because I am tired of political turmoil. still I will say a few words on the situation. In my opinion the millenium has arrived for the Negroes of the South. President Harrison struck the bull's eye when he knocked the Grand Army of the Republic and the Negroes out at the same time. To come down to brass tacks, all the troubles of the Southern Negro come from his love and his supposed indebtedness to the Grand Army of the Republic. Now the old time Yankee soldiers will ask no more rewards, and the Negroes will feel that the freedom debt is paid in reviewing President Harrison's action on Federal appointments.

"The colored people on the rice, cotton and sugar plantations look at the matter in this way: If a convention, Republican in character and composed of nineteen-twentieths of the black men, will allow Messrs. Warmoth, Hero, Herwig, and three or four other white men to name a ticket and put only one colored man on it, with none but Messrs. Warmoth, McMillan, and a few other white men to go forth and recommend it to the people that they may claim the Federal patronage here, it will, of course, be white officers up stairs in the Custom House and colored soldiers down stairs to tote the boxes and roll the barrels.

"This will result in the colored people's millenium, as I have said, according to the Iberville unification plan. There we have twenty colored to one white man, and the whites for twelve years have received three-fourths of the offices, elected to them on the Democratic ticket by the colored Republican voters in the parish. If that can be down in Iberville, where there are better colored schools and more colored men in office than almost anywhere else, it can be done elsewhere. And why, since these men, who carried the parish for Warmoth and for the Harrison electors, have formed coalititions with the white Democrats, can not the colored men of the other fifty-seven parishes in the State go in with the white people too?

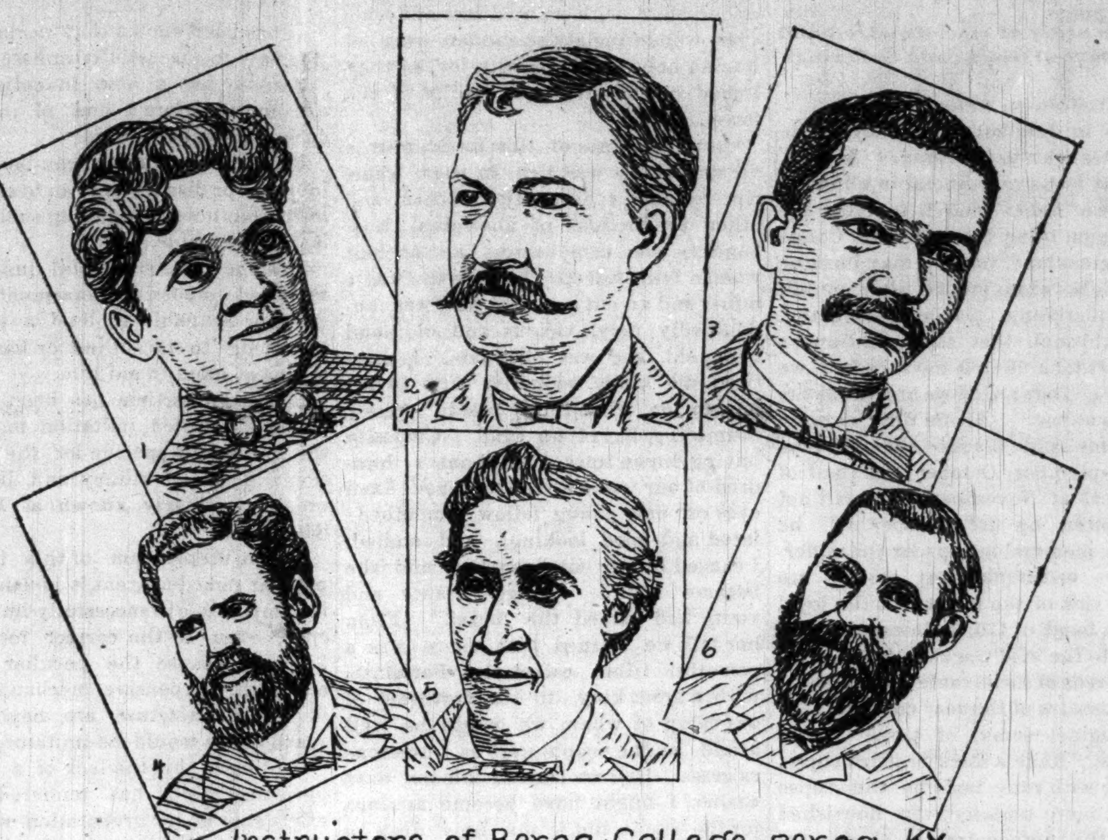
"Now my proposed millenium is surely going to come in 1892 for State and National surprises. I wish all colored men to read and keep these views for future reference, when the time comes to elect the next Presidential ticket and a State ticket the spring previous.

"It may be then necessary for the Negroes of the United States to defeat the National Republican ticket in order that they may be allowed to keep their elective franchise. And then the colored votes of Louisiana may decide which of the three tickets in the field will be chosen in the April election. One ticket will be put in the field by these white Republicans, and one by the white and colored Republicans and one by the Democratic people. At that day and time the Negro will no longer be bulldozed, and the two great National parties will be the same as to colored appointees to office.

"The white men of the South will then have a direct and local interest in their colored fellow citizens, and therefore will ptotect them.

"In conclusion I will say that the Negro must, for the well-being of his family and the enjoyment of a peaceable home and the future education of his children, turn his eyes and his heart to the best, bravest and most liberal white men of the South."

After delivering himself of these views "the Senator from Iberville," with the light of a prophetic smile in his eye, and a polite bow to the interlocutor, went his way.



Instructors of Berea College. Berea KY.

(1.)
MISS M. A. MUZZY,
Principal of Ladies Department.

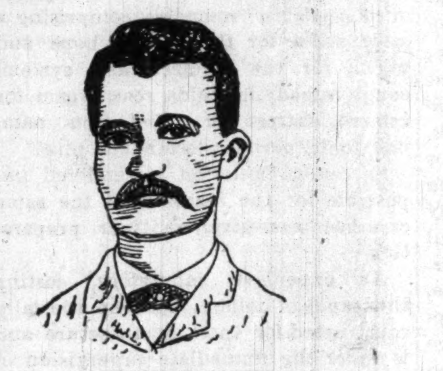
(2.)
B. S. HUNTING,
Principal of Preparatory Department and Professor of Latin.

(3.)
JAS. S. HATHEWAY,
Tutor in Mathematics and Latin.

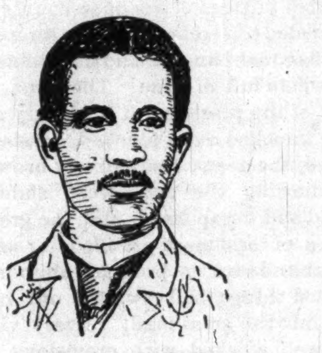
(4.)
P. D. DODGE,
Secretary and Treasurer, and Professor of Mathematics.

(5.)
W. E. C. WRIGHT,
Professor of Natural Science.

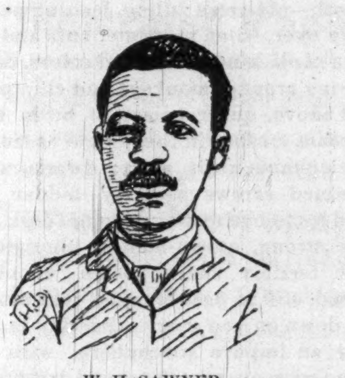
(5.)
L. V. DODGE,
Professor of Greek.



ALEXANDER OLIVER,
Of Pensacola, Fla.



REV. J. G. GRIMES,
Of Pensacola, Fla.



W. H. SAWYER,
Of Pensacola, Fla.

REPRESENTATIVE COLORED MEN

Of Pensacola, Florida---Products of the New South.

Pensacola, Fla., Special Correspondence.

W. H. SAWYER.

The subject of this sketch was born in Burtee county, N. C., May 9, 1857, of strictly religious parents, Eliza Jane and Nixon Sawyer. In 1861 he moved to Newberne of the same State. At this place he resided until he was 22 years of age, working in the meantime in the tobacco factory, also taking an active part in furthering the cause of the St. John Baptist church and accomplished a great deal for the advancement of the Sunday school connected therewith. In 1876 he was converted during the pastorate of the Rev. John Johnson of the same city. He left this city in 1880 and went to Charleston, S. C. Staying only a short while here he left for Jacksonville, Fla. Not being satisfied in this city after staying a few months, he went to Cedar Keys and got employment on a U. S. steamer admiral, running to Havanna. In 1882 he went to New Orleans and secured employment with Snyder & Co. Leaving there he went to Houston, Tex. Not contented with the "Lone Star" State he left for Mississippi; in this State he saw his father whom he had not seen since he was six months old. Staying only eight months in this State, he again returned to Fla. in Pensacola where he now resides. Shortly after the organization of the Mt. Zion Baptist church he connected himself with it and was soon afterward elected clerk, ordained a deacon and latter elected Sunday school superintendent, which position he now holds with credit and satisfaction to all concerned.

Five years ago he with a few others organized the "West Florida Baptist Sunday school convention." This organization has created a new life among his denomination in this part of the State in relation to church interest, morality, intelligence and true christianity. It meets annually. He has been the leading spirit ever since its organization, devoting to it a great deal of his time to make it the complete success which it now is, He is now serving his second term as president of this society and general superintendent appointed by the State convention for the western part of Florida.

ALEXANDER OLIVER.

The well known subject of this sketch was born in Danville, Va., Sept. 28, 1860. He lived there until 1881, attending the public schools part of the time. His parents, William and Lina Oliver, took the greatest of care in training him to live and do right. After leaving his native city he went to Birmingham, Alabama and secured employment with Bartlett & Underwood. In 1884 he came to Pensacola. Hearing of his excellent qualities, a perfect gentleman, a fair scholar, an active business man, enterprising and thrifty, attentive, polite, industrious and most accomplished young gentleman, Messrs. Frater & Roberts, the large dry goods and grocery dealers willingly employed him and gave him the entire control of their large grocery store. As a clerk and manager of this department, he has discharged his duties with marked ability and with entire satisfaction to all concerned. He is an influential churchman, a prominent Odd Fellow, a good citizens, an exemplary gentleman, a first-class salesman, a successful business man and one who believes in putting the interest of the race before all parties, rings, cliques or organizations. He shows his interest in the race by patronizing the enterprises owned by them. He is a great lover of his race's papers and feels perfectly contented when he is perusing their columns. As a christian, he is calm, deliberate and belong altogether to the advanced class of divine worshipers. Improper shouting and the wrong use of the church he condemns and hope to see an improvement in this respect. We, of Penfacola, feel proud of him and accept him as a worthy model.

REV. J. G. GRIMES.

Determination, earnestness and a fixed mind to succeed in whatever is undertaken, is the characteristic trait of this eminent divine whose name appears at the head of this sketch. Rev. J. G. Grimes was born in South Carolina in 1855. He came to Florida in 1868, and in 1872, at campmeeting held at Live Oak, in the same year, he was converted and joined the A. M. E. church at Madison during the pastorate of the Rev. B. W. Roberts. In 1879 he was licensed to exhort, by the Rev. W. W. Sampson. In 1880 he was sent to De Land by the Rev. P. G. Gowens where there were only four members and a small chapel. Several predicted that he would fail, but he preached faithfully and lived the life of a christian for two years and eight months and reported to his annual conference at the expiration of that time two chapels and sixty-eight members. When he joined the conference at Gainsville under Bishop A. W. Wayman, it was said, at that time, that the Bishop requested him to read a note of two or three lines but he could not do it. But in two years after that he was ordained a Deacon by the same Bishop, having within that short time made the most wonderful progress, intellectually and otherwise. Bishop Payne appointed him to the Wildwood Circuit, where he preached two years, built a church, took a lively interest in many things concerning his race's wellfare and proved himself a useful citizen generally. This Bishop, also, ordained him an Elder at Lake City in 4887 and appointed him to Starke where he labored earnestly for only eight or nine months, being urged to accept the pastorate of Allen's chapel, at Pensacola, where he is now serving his second year. When he first came here he found a membership of 141 and the church in bad condition, but now he has a membership of 259 and the church is in a flourishing condition. He was deprived of educational advantages nearly all of his life, but he makes a remarkable showing considering his chances.

S. D. JACKSON.

Bishop Newman believes the North has more of a problem to solve in dealing with the foreign element, than the South has in dealing with the Negro. The reason is the Negro is more thoroughly American.

THE
CHURCH
HOLY BIBLE

The Washington Bee nominates Bishop John M. Brown for chaplain of the next National House of Representatives.

The Sunday School entertainment given by the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, at Washington, D. C., last week, netted over $32.

Rev. J. C. Price, of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., has returned home after a highly successful trip North in the interest of the school.

Six hundred and forty-nine converts were recently received into membership of a colored church in Baltimore, the Centennial Methodist Episcopal.

Atlanta Georgia, boasts of not only a large number of Methodist and Baptist churches, but a Catholic, Episcopal and Presbyterian church for colored people.

There is a marked improvement in the services of our churches of late years. The singing is better and there is more logic, learning and eloquence in the pulpit.

St. Luke's P. E. Chapel, New Orleans, was opened for divine worship Easter. Rev. C. H. Thompson, the rector, is one of the most learned black men in the country.

The Methodist Book Concern last year declared a cash dividend of $100,000, and is in proportion to its capital the most profitable of the publishing concerns in America. All of which must deeply interest those superanuated ministers for whose support the net profits were originally set apart.

All is not serene in the Methodist Episcopal Evangelist Mission Church. Bishop Cornelius Lennox says James Darey, until recently known as Bishop Jas. Darey of the church being excluded from that body, the public is notified not to give him any subscriptions intended for the benefit of that church or any of its work, as such subscriptions would never reach the object for which they were intended.

Rev. James Frisby, one of the oldest and best known of the local preachers of the Bethel A. M. E. church, Philadelphia, died in that city last Thursday and was buried Monday. He was born near Loan Creek Maryland in 1817. Went to Philadelphia when quite a young man, and was married in 1846. His life was one of ceaseless activity; he was a class leader for upwards of forty years, a preacher for thirty-five years and Good Samaritan traversing alleys, courts, streets and lanes in the performance of his duties as a missionary. He was the organizer of several churches was prominently identified with the Masonic and Odd Fellow fraternities He leaves a widow. The late Dr. Samuel Clarkson Frisby was his son.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Chas. Ruth is the proprietor of a first class cafe in Kansas City, Mo.

Erie, Pa., has an enterprising confectioner in the person of John Hicks.

At West Point, Miss., colored women and men drink at the bar promiscously and indiscriminately.

J. G. Meyers & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., are the leading caterers of that city and are doing a large business.

Zion A. M. E. Church, of Clarksvilie, Tenn., will be dedicated next Sunday, Bishop T. H. Lomax officiating.

H. F. Hamilton, is a prominent portrait and landscape photographer of Buffalo, N. Y., and commands a good trade.

The I. O. O. F. Key of West Lodge celebrated their first anniversary by a grand parade at Brooklyn, Illinois, on the 28th inst.

Mr. Levi Cromwell, of Philadelphia is one of the most wealthy and successful business men in the State of Pennsylvania.

Ex-Gov. Pinchback has bought, at public auction, a lot of 40x100, on 12th, between N and O streets, in Washington, at the rate of $1.80 per foot, making $7,200.

The Emancipation Park Association of Houston, Texas, held an interesting meeting last Wednesday evening. They are making preparation for a grand time in that city on emancipation day.

Among the recent graduates from the Medical Department of Shaw University, N. C., we notice the names of T. R. Mask, of Rockingham, H. H. Hall, of Salisbury, and W. A. Williams, of Tarboro. These are bright and promising young men who bid fair to make successful physicians.

What the Negro needs in this country more than political recognition, is religion, education and money. When he shall have secured these, his political condition will not be dependent upon the caprices of the wily politician.—Ex.

The Lookout Rolling Mill Company of Chattanooga, Tenn., on Saturday night last, discharged all its white workmen, and employed 150 Negroes, who are to be substituted in the mill. The change is on account of excessive demands of the Amalgamated iron workers.

Under the past regime of Republicanism the Negro as a politician was a failure. Colored men with brains have played second fiddle to white men who were their inferiors in mental capacity. A three thousand dollar Negro is given a one thousand dollar office, while a one thousand dollar white man is given a three thousand sinecure.—The Negro World.

Mr. S. B. Johnson says Dewees on Market street refuses to sell soda water to colored people. Voight Bros., who have the drug store on the corner of 9th and Market, refused to sell soda water to 'Squire J. W. White, our colored Alderman. They too, do not want Negro trade. The Times says twelve firms have banded together to refuse the Negro accommodation. The Times further says this is very gratifying to the white people.—Chattanooga Justice.

Some of our southern women are not a whit behind the men in thrift, push and enterprise. Mrs. Aline Allain, of Soulouque Parish, La., manages twenty hands in the sugar and corn fields, and has shipped fifty barrels of Irish potatoes out of three hundred barrels raised. She will soon ship 300 barrels of onions to Cincinnati and Chicago. Mrs. Elodie T. Landry, her daughter, is bookkeeper and paymaster. She also manages a fine breed Jersey dairy, and sells large quantities of the finest Jersey butter.

There was a convention of colored men held in Raleigh, N. C., this week to discuss the emigration movement. The Afro-Presbyterian discussing the matter says: "We are not taking much stock in the movement, and unless the usual signs fail there will not be much more of it until more farm hands are wanted and the agents come out and buy up the hands so to speak, under contract. The talk about colored people going away in such numbers as to make much difference in the relative numbers of the two races is all moonshine. No little of the present palava anent this and kindred topics is consequent upon the result of the late election. People and newspapers become apprehensive and they talk. Suppose the next election should favor the Democrats, then what?

A KENTUCKY SCHOOL.

Berea College, at Berea, Ky., an Institution Where Seekers After Knowledge Are Welcomed Without Regard to Race, Color, Etc--- A History of Its Early Struggles and Triumph.

Prepared expressly for The Freeman.

Among the educational institutions of the South open to the colored people, none is regarded with more interest than Berea College in Kentucky. This interest is largely from the fact that in the center of a former slave State is a school of high grade which admits colored and white on the same terms. They do not room together, but they study together and recite together, and live in the same buildings and take their meals in the same dining room. Such a school, with so large an attendance of colored students, would be remarked at the north, but in the south where some of the pupils were born slaves it is the more remarkable. The work and growth of the school have been watched with interest by people north and south, who recognize the importance of every movement which shall help to determine what the condition of the colored people of this nation shall be.

If the work at Berea were in any measure of forced growth, its value would be much lessened. But not now, nor at any time, has there been an effort to compel association in any way. The college opens its doors to all people of good moral character, and any who choose may avail themselves of the advantages it affords.

A sketch of the history of this school will be of interest to our readers.

The founder of the school from which Berea College has grown was John G. Fee, who was born in Bracken county, Kentucky, in 1816. His father was a slave owner, and the son grew up with the evils of the "peculiar institution" always before him in his own home and in the community. Mr. Fee became convinced of the wickedness of slavery while attending a theological school, and he decided to preach against it. About this time his father had decided to sell a slave woman that had been raised on the place. John had at this time passed his majority and was in possession of a farm in Indiana that his father had given him. He hastened to dispose of the farm, and from the proceeds he bought the slave woman and liberated her. He then tried to persuade his father to liberate all his slaves, but he would not do so, and being much displeased with his son's course he disowned and disinherited him. After having labored several years in the northeastern part of Kentucky, he was invited by Cassius M. Clay to Madison county, in the central part of the State. There he organized an anti-slavery Church, and became its pastor. In 1855 a school was organized. Mr. Fee had been mobbed in the northern part of the State, and in 1856 this experience was repeated in Madison county. On one occasion in the midst of a service, a number of armed men came about the house and demanded that he should stop preaching, he refused to stop, and continued until he was dragged out. Various threats of ducking, whipping or hanging him were made, until he would promise to leave the State. He would make no promise, and finally was released. A colporteour who was with him was given thirty-three lashes and they were then ordered to go home. Mr. Fee and the teachers employed in the school continued their labors in spite of opposition and difficulties and in the face of dangers.

Afterwards the mobs made less show of violence, and the school increased in popularity until the John Brown raid. After that raid it was feared by many people that the school at Berea and the gathering of people about it might be part of an organized plan to liberate the slaves.

False rumors of men and rifles having come to Berea from the North increased the excitement and alarm, and it was decided in mass meeting at the county seat that John G. Fee, J. A. R. Rogers, principal of the school, and any others whose presence at Berea was a menace, must leave the State within ten days. Mr. Fee was away at this time raising funds for the school.

Prof. Rogers tried to get before the excited people a denial of the false reports that had been so widely circulated. Failing in this, an appeal was made to the Governor of the State, but he could not assure them of protection, It was evident that on account of the deep feeling and excitement it was advisable to go. So ten families, about forty persons, peaceable, law-abiding citizens, closed their homes and went forth as exiles.

During the war some attempted to return to look after their property, but violent men mobbed them or compelled them to flee to the mountains for hiding.

At the close of the war the school was reopened. A charter for a college was obtained, lands secured and the school put upon a better basis for work and growth. So far the school had been attended by white children only, but very soon the decision had to be made whether any person of good character should be denied admission. The trustees early decided that no one seeking to fit himself the better to serve God should be rejected. The students had debated in their literary society what ought to be done if a colored person should ask to be enrolled as a pupil. There was a difference of opinion among the students, and the trustees knew that if a colored person was admitted, there might be danger of violence from those who had once driven them from the State. The matter was not long in suspense. One morning three colored young men came with their books. When they were given seats in the school room, half of the white students arose and walked out. Though there were threats of violence, and occasional firing of pistols in the streets and sometimes into the houses by drunken men, the teachers were not molested. Most of the white students that left afterward returned, and the attendance soon outgrew the accommodations. So far the school had been conducted in cheap board buildings. In 1869 E. H. Fairchild, at that time connected with Oberlin College, was called to the presidency of Berea College. The growth of the school into permanent buildings dates from that time. The first Howard Hall, a large frame building, was finished that year by the Freedmen's Bureau. During the next two years friends at the North, through President Fairchild's solicitation, erected a large brick building, Ladies Hall, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars.

The work has continued to grow in every direction. Now the school has an annual attendance of four hundred students, three-fifths of them colored, buildings valued at $110,000, an endowment of $100,000, and a library of 4,000 volumes. The question is often asked, "How do the races get along to-gether?' President Fairchild, whose life has been mainly spent in educational work, says: "I do not know of another school where there is so little occasion for discipline." Any rumors of trouble at Berea have little foundation. They are usually in repetition by those who are unwilling to admit that white and colorod can be educated together.

The argument of Berea is that the colored people can never be denied the full rights of citizenship; that the betterment of their condition and a fuller enjoyment of their rights are to come largely from better educational privileges and better use of those they now have.

Shall the mass of the colored people of the South be ignorant "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and an unsafe element in politics? or shall they be intelligent farmers and mechanics, with a fair representation in the professions, and capable of sustaining themselves in every community as safe and reliable citizens? There can be no question as to which is better for them and for the Nation. The faculty of Berea College holds that co-education is one of the strongest factors for removing unreasonable prejudices and securing a proper appreciation of each others rights and needs. The success and influence of the school during nearly a quarter of a century go far toward establishing their position. Graduates of Berea College, both colored and white, are filling prominent positions in their respective communities and have the confidence and esteem of the people. Some years the requests of county superintendents for teachers from Berea exceed the supply. The work of the school grows in favor with the southern people as they come to know it better, though the principle of co-education is not regarded by them with much favor as yet. This must be granted, that, as far as the work of Berea College is concerned, co-education is a success, and it must have some influence in determining the co-citizenship of the races.

"PASS THE AGE."

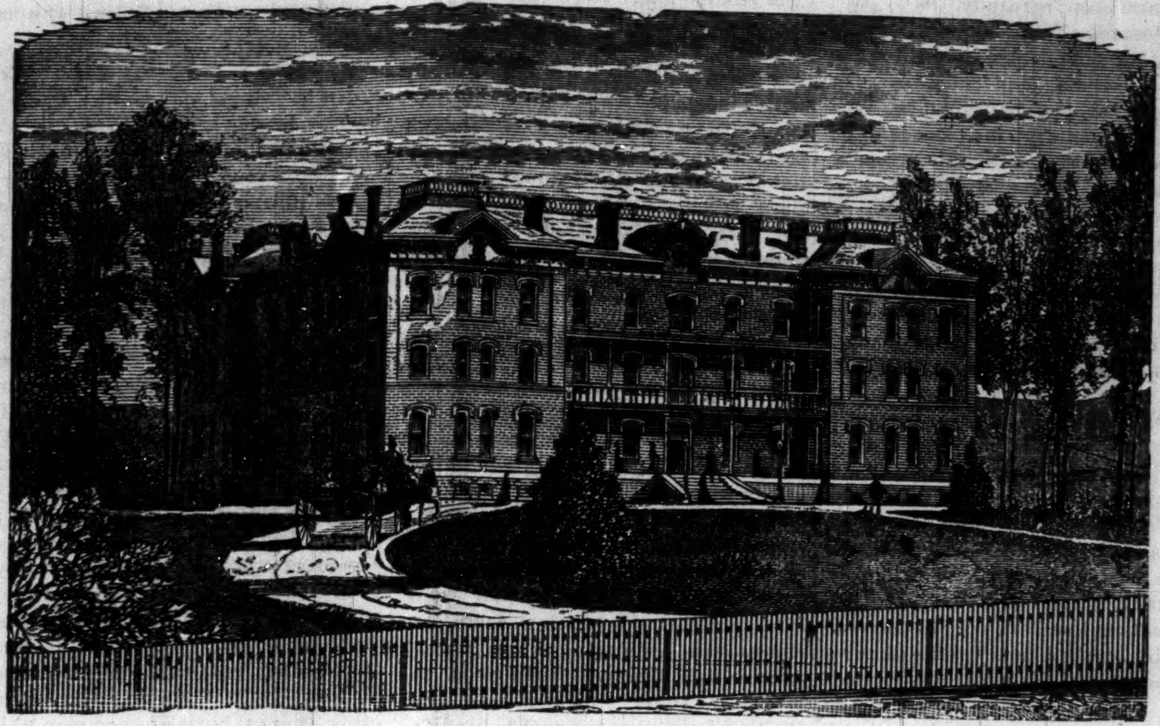
The New Drama at Dickson's Grand Opera House May the 10th and 11th With Matinee Saturday.

The new drama written by Mr. Cornelius Turner of this city and to which reference was a short time ago made will be presented for the first time at Dickson's Grand opera house Friday and Saturday, May the 10th and 11th, with Saturday matinee. This company is composed of some of our brightest young men and women who have given assiducus attention to rehersals and other preparations. There will be splendid music and fun interspersed between the acts and new scenery will be used throughout the play. A large attendance is already promised and every body should turn out. The prices are low and within reach of all, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c. Get your tickets and reserved seats early.

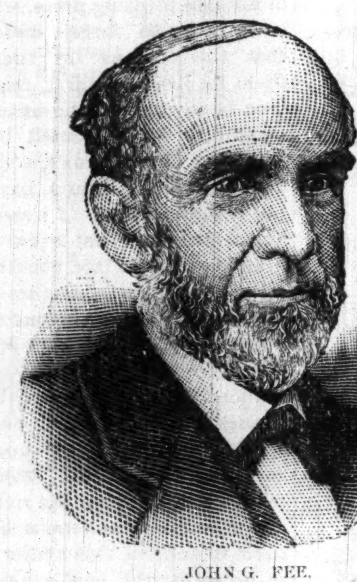
THE FREEMAN IN MEMPHIS.

Copies of the Freeman may be bought of the agent Mr. John N. Daniel No. 4, Dupree street or at Mr. F. B. Davis' barber shop, 160 Poplar street or at Mrs. Woods confectionery store, 162 Poplar street, at barber shop 139 Beale street, or barber shop next door to Alabama Snack house Beale and Mulberry street or of Miss Maria Williams 150 Desoto street on sale every Saturday afternoon. Ask for it, and buy it. Everybody should read The Freeman.

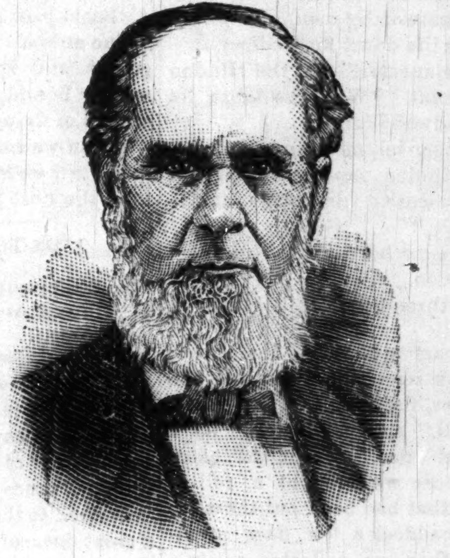
Mr. Palmerton Landry, foreman and general superintendent for Hon. T. T. Allain, levee contractor at New Orleans, has built over 40,000 yards of levee in the last few years, and this at less than 14c per yard.



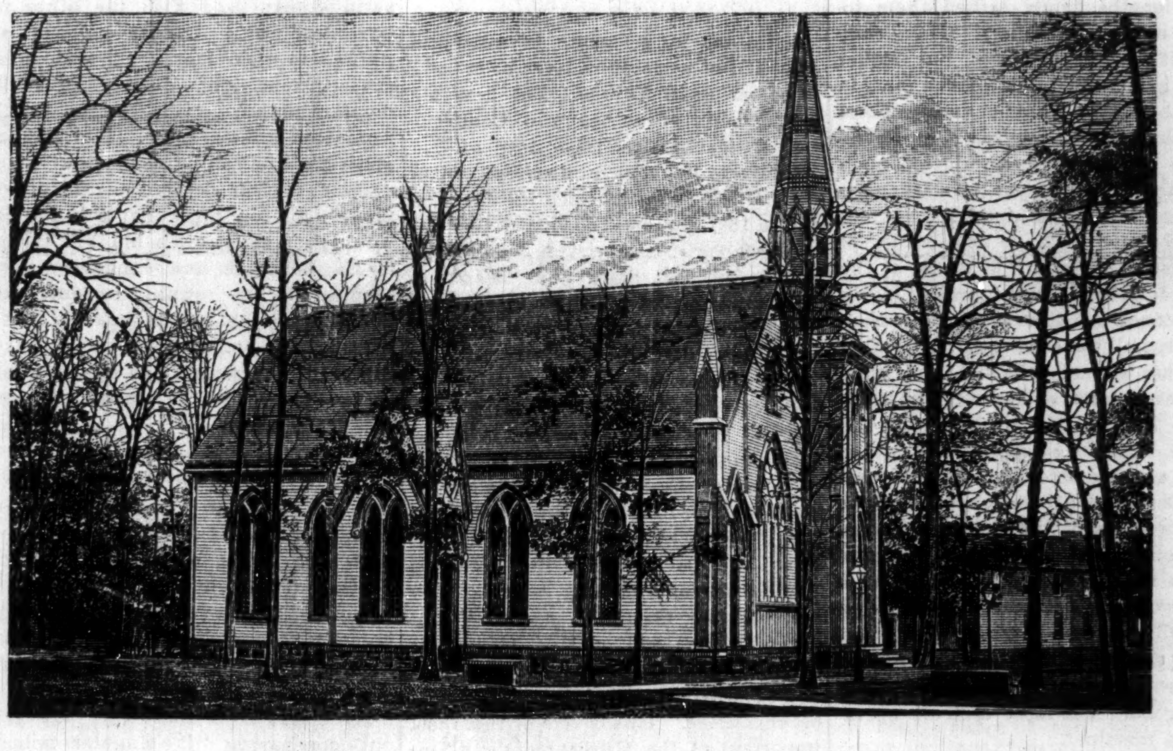
Ladies' Hall, Berea College, Ky.



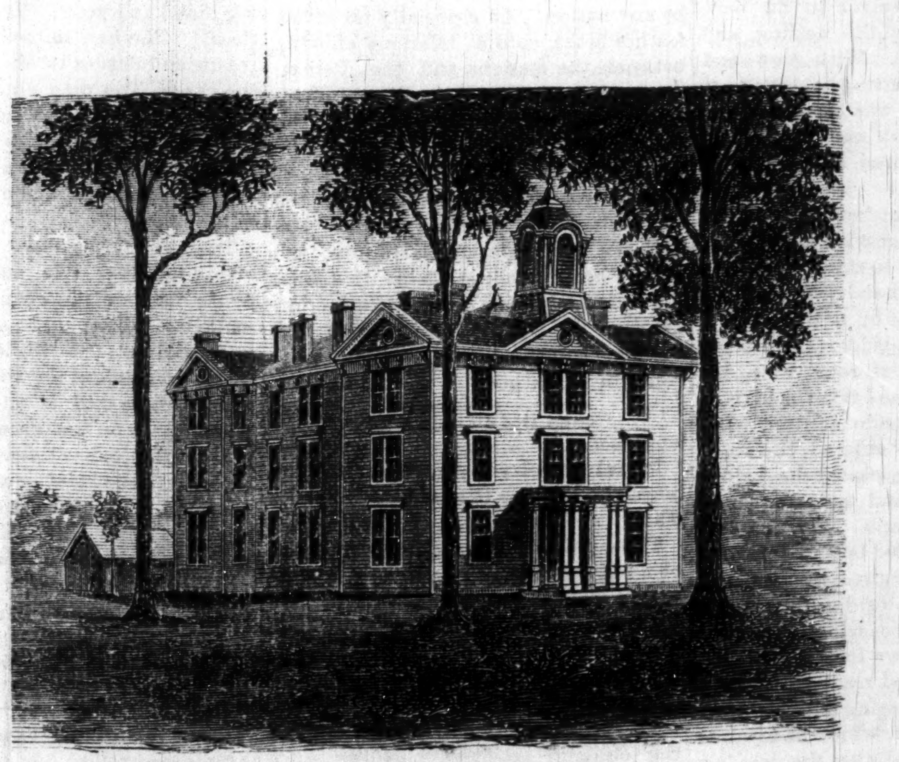
JOHN G. FEE.
Founder.



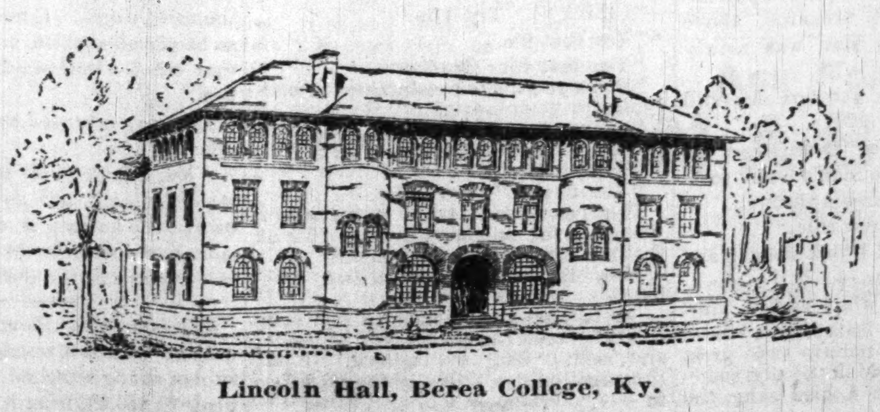
E. H. FAIRCHILD
President.



The Chapel, Berea, College, Ky.



Howard Hall, Berea College, Ky.



Lincoln Hall, Berea College, Ky.

OUR
JOURNALIST
AND
LITERARY FOLKS.
FREEMAN

The Negro World rises to remark that this is a white man's government.

J. C. Dancy, Esq , is traveling north in the interest of the "Star of Zion."

There are now eight newspapers in Mississippi published in the interest of the colored people.

Louisiana Standard: The day may come when the black citizen will again be needed to shed his blood in behalf of his country.

The Negro World: The proper study of the Negro is the Negro, and the proper source to derive information regarding the Negro is Negro journals.

The Cairo Gazette: Every colored man and woman that has any race pride should take The Indianapolis Illustrated Freeman if they want to keep posted.

The Planet: The Negro will be in politics, in religion, in business, in heaven, and hell. In fact he'll be in everything. You can't keep him out.

Nashville, Tenn., boasts of our 25,000 colored people and three institutions of learning for colored people and still colored newspaper do not thrive at that point.

Some of the bills incurred by the meeting of the colored press convention are still unpaid. Inability to manage finances seems to be one of the Negro's short-comings.

A. T. Hall, one of the brightest colored journalists in the country is endorsed for the position of messenger to City Clerk Amberg, in Chicago. The mentioning of Mr. Hall for this position has met the ap-proval of all who know him.

"Men of mark" by Rev. W. J. Simmons, D. D., Louisville, Ky., will come out soon in its second edition. A number of additional sketches will be added and about 5[illegible] likenesses of distinguished colored men will also be added and the book will come out in two volumes.

H. C. Smith, of the Cleveland Gazette is a member of a base ball club in that city. This makes him the most versatile Negro editor in the country, for besides his newspaper work, he leads a brass band, writes songs, is an oil inspector and plays base ball.

The Musical Messenger a monthly publication of Washington, D. C., is out for this month and is indeed an excellent number. The Negro is often praised for his musical taste and talent and he should evince them by giving the Messenger a hearty support.

The Musical Messenger: The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., is the finest colored paper in the country, and is indeed a credit to any people. Matter and material are all of the highest order. We congratulate the editor upon such a paper, and wish it unbounded success.

The National Leader: The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Indiana, E. E. Cooper, manager, is the only pictorial Negro publisher in this country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrated newspaperdom, We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race

J. Anthony Fronde, the English historian, has written a letter to Philip Bruce, author of "The Plantation Negro," in which he says that "the worst enemies of the blacks are those who persist in pressing upon them an equality which Nature has denied them."

"Pe We'" has proven himself equal to the emergency in the "Iola Press Convention controversy." He strikes from the shoulder and completely annihilated, "Satchells" rejoinder in the last issue of the American Baptist. In the language of a noted American, he has met the enemy and they are his'n."

Brother Optic: The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and ask for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes, but as American citizen. How can our leaders do without it?

The Indianapolis News, (white): The "Freeman," which, by the way, under Edward E. Cooper's management, has become a paper of many journalistic excellencies, is talking "right out" on the the Negro question. This week it caricatures the Administration's treatment of the colored office seeker. The President, with Blaine as pipeman, is represented as working a force-pump and throwing ice-water on the colored politician—"cooling his ardor." as it were.

A NIGHT WITH A TIGER.

Pall Mall Gazette.

There were two entrances to the drawing room; this must be drawn in mind.

The house itself was old fashioned, a large and many gabled one, standing quite alone and solitary in a spacious garden; all the windows had been closed and the jalousies shut and secured from the outside; the tatty grass blinds on the piazza had been rolled up and put away till another blazing sun called for their refreshing shade.

The locality was near that part of the delta called the Sunderbunds, through which the Ganges expands its branches as it approaches the sea—a labyrinth of creeks and rivers, of jungle and stagnant water. The night was perfectly fine but moonless; there was a heavy dew rapidly falling, like misty rain which in hot countries is a perfectly natural occurrence.

I went into the drawing room by what may be called the back door, as it led into the back drawing room, and smaller one of the two; the other, a far larger apartment, communicated with this one by great folding doors of gold and white. The back drawing room was very full of furniture, rather inconveniently so. As I was carrying an armful of books, and in my disengaged hand a bullseye lantern, I proceeded with tolerable security, though slowly, but then of course I knew the room, and could have gone to my destination in the dark. What struck me as both curious and irritative was the fancy that the room seemed more impeded than ever with the furniture—dark, old fashioned rosewood furniture, that had been made to match the grand piano. The various articles looked as if they had been dragged about the room. Possibly the darkness above and around me helped the illusion; anyway they had the appearance of having been gradually spread toward the center of the room, round a heavy and solid table. It was this table that I wished to go to. I walked very slowly, partly because I did not wish to spill the books that I'd spent the last hour in collecting, and because of an unaccountable horrible feeling that had come over me.

This part of the house was quite silent; indeed, it was often so of an evening. My brother had passed me on his way up stairs, having been all day at Madrepore, and no doubt being tired had gone to bed. There were very few stairs at all, as the house was practically a one storied one, rambling and full of angles, having been built and added to at various times, here and there little staircases streamed out leading to long passages and unexpected cupboards; the back drawing room door itself opened from a side flight of five stairs. As I had encountered two small chairs and an overturned music stand I stood still for a second, looking for a clear passage, and thereby holding the lantern high and well in front of me. As I paused amid the complete silence that reigned an immense tiger slowly crossed the path of light, turning on me two burning yellow eyes, gleaming like vivid topazes—I stood there in stiffened terror and heard my heart beat—its mouth was loosely parted and running with saliva; so wide was it hanging open at the corners that the serrated edges of the lower lips were plainly visible. It gazed with a steadfast look of such grinning cruelty, such conscious malignity, that it froze my blood and turned my limbs to stone. This description of sight and feeling was of course the impression of one vivid conception condensed by a minute's agony.

The tiger crossed the India matting of the room with a noiseless swinging gait; as it appeared to have come from the obscurity near the piano, so it vanished into obscurity beyond—that is, outside the pathway of the lantern light. I stood perfectly immovable, still clutching the books with my left arm, still holding the lantern before me, still gazing at the place it had crossed, and apparently ever seeing that awful look upon the tiger's broad face. It seemed as if my eyes saw the face, though my mind had rapidly suggested the frightful probability that the tiger was behind me. At the same time, by some dual mental process it was holding out hope that the animal had passed through the great folding doors into the dark room beyond. I have no remembrance at all of my mind dictating the next action I pursued; it seemed just an instant indulged in by the body upon its own account and for its own immediate preservation.

I laid the books very carefully down without making the slightest unnecessary noise or disturbing the hand that held the lantern, and then raising with slow effort one of the heavy little chairs that had blocked my passage, I silently swung it on my shoulders and held it so that it covered my head, then turned slowly sidewise with my mind impressed with the necessity of keeping my lantern as far as possible behind me. This struck me at the time as clever and of unquestionable importance in saving my life. I managed to walk gently out of the room. I supposed I'd been in five minutes, but it seemed like a weary hour.

As I closed the door and locked it my brother unexpectedly came down the passage and passed me on the little stairs; he was rather in a hurry.

"Godfrey," I called after him, "do you mind pulling the front door in the large drawing room as you go by?" It seems strange now, but I could think of nothing else to say then, and I said it slowly and quite naturally.

He assented and disappeared, and I, without noticing it at the time, took up the chair again, and with my lantern ascended the short flight of stairs and proceeded along the passage to my own room, walking slowly and guardedly. The mind had evidently been so shocked that it had not recovered its dominant sway over the body. Upon reaching my own room I put the chair carefully down and sat upon it. The lantern I had placed on the table at the same time. I sat there a few seconds feebly wondering which room the tiger was in. Then I got up with a sudden alacrity, took from its case a large revolver, and turned into the passage again. In a minute or so I was in Godfrey's room. He was half undressed. "What's the matter?" he demanded, with startled eyes. When I had told him he took my hand and wrung it. "You may thank God that you are alive, old fellow." Then he dressed hurriedly, took a heavy rifle from a sack and filled his pockets with cartridges. "Come along; stay, let me go first; your nerves are a bit shaky yet."

We crept out and awakened the punkawallah, an old and faithful Hindoo, whom my brother once nursed during a dangerous illness—a brave, reliable and trustworthy man, who would have laid his life down for Godfrey.

"It is the maneater!" said the Hindoo after my recital. "Will the Sahib let his servant advise him?"

"Yes, Ramee; tell me your plan."

As the Hindoo rapidly unfolded it my brother smiled dubiously at the strange idea.

"Cunning must be met with cunning," said the Hindoo.

"It'll take three hours to arrange," I remarked.

"Three hours will bring the dawn; now, who can see in the dark; not the sahib, but yes, the tiger."

"Very well," said Godfrey. "Let's set about it at once." From the gardener's outhouse we brought a roll of wire netting that had been put there for fencing in a paddock a few days previously. Together we collected armfuls of shavings the workmen had not cleared away, quantities of dried leaves, rags, everything we could find soft and pliable; and, having cut the wire into three square lengths, firmly lashed them together, one over another. When completed it was the shape of but rather larger than the window of the room in which the tiger lay hidden, and the doors of which had been locked. Our operations so far had been conducted upon the veranda outside, near the gardener's room; we then rolled up the wire netting and carried it round the corner of the house to within a few yards of the big window; here it was unrolled again and flattened out, then upon its surface we poured all the shavings, rags, leaves and refuse we had collected, and upon this mass smeared and spread a quantity of lime left by the workmen for the morrow. This we smoothed down as well as we were able till the whole mass assumed some consistency and clung to the interstices of the netting. Ramee next took some stout twine and improvised a rough kind of needle from a bamboo cane. With this implement he sewed all over the mass of stuff, thus making a string netting that helped to keep the composition in its place. So far, so good. The most difficult operation yet remained.

"Take my gun," said Godfrey to me, "and give me the revolver."

He pushed the revolver in his belt, laid hold of one end of the netting, and threw off his shoes. With slow and noiseless steps the netting, looking very like a large mattress, was carried exactly opposite the window and laid gently down; then both retired as silently as they had advanced.

Ramee then brought from an outhouse a ladder, and with a gesture of entreaty signed to my brother to stand aside and take his rifle in his hand. With bare feet the Hindoo crept up to the window again and reared the ladder against the wall. Taking a coil of rope from his neck, he deftly fastened it to the highest wall staple of the outside shutter. Descending, he quickly enlaced the short strand in the netting, placed the ladder on the other side, and ran the thong through the other staple. For the first time he made a noise, but it was unavoidable, and was caused by the netting being drawn upward until it hung like a great curtain covering the shutter and hiding the window from us.

Godfrey and I stood ready to fire.

The Hindoo, perspiring at every pore, descended the ladder, which he lowered and placed horizontally on the window sill and lashed it to the bottom of the netting, and again fastened that to the two lower staples on either side.

The thing was done. Far away in the east the dawn was breaking, above which the morning star was slowly paling his silver fire.

"But, Ramee, the shutters are still fastened."

"Sahib, I unfastened them; they are open the breadth of a man's hand; presently the light will stream through."

"Quick, fetch another rifle."

When he returned I took the gun and gave him my revolver.

A light breath of wind passed murmuring through the feathery crowns of the slender cocoa palms, two great streams of light shot up in the sky, somewhere in the garden a bird sang; the sun had risen. "Wait the signal," whispered my brother. "Now, Ramee!" The Hindoo knelt down and imitated the bleating of a kid that had lost its mother. At the instant Ramee sprang to his feet the silence was rent by a sundering crash and a sudden terrific roar; the shutters were torn from their sockets; a great mass hurled itself precipitately through the window, and the tiger, with his head and shoulders buried in the lime covered debris, was grappling in maddened fury with an enemy he could not see or make much impression upon.

Our guns were at our shoulders.

The animal was twenty feet from us, tearing up the graveled path and coiling itself in inextricable confusion in the broken netting and splintered ladder. Ramee uttered a loud cry. The animal had freed his head, and stood with its bleeding mouth in an enforced and listening attitude. It was the moment Godfrey had been waiting for, and he fired. The tiger, evidently not seeing him, sprang at the window again, but missed the opening, hurling himself against the wall and falling on the broken shutters. At the minute it alighted I aimed at the spot behind the shoulder and fired; it gave a convulsive leap and turned its bloodshot eyes in our direction. Then Godfrey fired again, and told me to do the same.

"Back! back!" cried Ramee.

The animal had gathered itself together and sprang forward with one mighty bound, and rolled over with a scream of dying rage.

When we came to measure the brute afterward we found it was fifteen feet from the nose to the tip of the tail.

AIDS TO AGRICULTURE.

The Experiment Stations in the Various States and Their Work.

The first document published under the authority of Gov. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture, is bulletin No, 1, about the agricultural experiment stations of the Department of Agriculture. This pamphlet, advance copies of which were furnished to the press to-night, contains a great deal of information relating to the history and prospects of the agricultural experiment stations which are now conducting scientific and practical experiments in soil, manuring, tillage, crops, stock feeding, dairying, horticulture, etc., in the different States. Such institutions for scientific investigation in behalf of agriculture have been long in operation in Europe. The first one in this country was begun in Connecticut, in the chemical laboratory of the Wesleyan University, fourteen years ago. Other States followed the example and in 1887 Congress espoused the enterprise, and appropriated $15,000 per annum to each State and Territory. The enterprise has enlisted in its support the best universities and colleges, and the ablest investigators of the country, as well as a great army of practical farmers, to whom it has already brought substantial benefits. All the States and one Territory—Dakota—now have agricultural experiment stations. Several States have two, and Louisiana has three. The total number of stations now is forty-six, or, counting branch stations, nearly sixty. They employ more than 370 scientists and agriculturists, and receive this year $575,000 from the National Government and about $125,000 from the States and other sources. This is one of the most important of the Government's scientific enterprises, and, although so young, is the largest of the sort yet undertaken by any nation. An especially favorable feature is the cordial relations existing between the stations and the Department of Agriculture at Washington, which is charged by Congress with the duty of supervising and aiding the stations in their work. The officers of experiment stations, acting with the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and experiment stations, are able to accomplish much in this line. There is established a direct connection between the National department and the people of the country, which must result in much good.

They Didn't Like It.

Chicago Mail.

I want to tell you a good story told to me at the expense of a millionaire piano man.

The gentleman alluded to is somewhat of a wag, at least his friends give him such a reputation. My informant says that this man, who is not altogether unlike a clergyman in appearance, entered a State street hat store and asked to be fitted with a hat.

"How do you like this one?" asked the obliging salesman, holding up a shining "dice box."

"That's a nice hat; how much?"

"Eight dollars; worth it, too."

"That's my size, is it?"

"I think so. Try it on."

"Yes; that fits."

"Yes; just your size."

"Don't you make a reduction to clergymen?"

"No; we do not as a rule, though if you are a minister I'll knock off $1."

"Make it $7, eh?"

"Yes, to you."

The gentleman tried it on again, looked in the mirror, and said: "Think that is not too gay for a minister?"

"Oh, bless you, no! It's a nice, quiet hat."

Again the man looked in the glass carefully, took the hat off, looked it over and said: "Well, I'll take it. If the congregation don't like it they can go to ——."

CHARMS OF THE WEST.

Some Remarkable Attractions Discovered by a Puget Sound Tourist.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Mr. E. W. S. Tingle has returned from a visit to Tacoma and Seattle, where he went to look over the field with a view to starting a daily paper somewhere in that far Western land. Mr. Tingle is very enthusiastic over the country, and thinks that it a trifle more like the Garden of Eden than any place he has seen of late years. "When you climb over the Rocky Mountains it is like getting over the garden wall," he said in a burst of enthusiasm. "I am thoroughly convinced that it was on this spot that Deity smiled His sweetest smiles

"Flowers bloom perennially in that sunny land, and the murmur of the cowslips as they raise their heads in the balmy air chimes in with singing of the birds to form the most entrancing music The breadfruit trees grow luxuriantly in Seattle, and I discovered one variety on which grew rye bread with caraway seeds in it, such as is often imported and used on free lunch counters of our modern civilization. Flamingoes and other tropical birds are common there, and in the streams abound purple mullet and goldfish. I caught some of the latter. I have seen roses there growing on bushes as large as the ink rollers of my late printing press, while the rose eaves are so large and succulent that the citizens fry them and use them for food. Attar of roses is a common beverage, and the entire community is very sweet-scented by reason of this fact. At Tacoma the entire picture is duplicated. Nature has not spared her bounties there. I was shown some samples of wool that grew on the hydraulic rams. I am convinced that a factory for the manufacture of hydraulic rams could do a paying business at woolgrowing. Cows are kept for their beef alone, for the ingenious citizens have reduced the cultivation of the milk weed to such a high degree of perfection that they furnish all that is needed in the way of dairy products. Some of those milk weeds produce the richest kind of cream, and as the warm breezes sway them to and fro, this cream soon turns to butter by the gentle undulation. I think a newspaper could be made to bring in a rich return to its owner. The county printing there is very fat, for it seem to keep pace with the other native products. Carrier pigeons are trained to visit merchants and solicit subscriptions and display advertisements, and they do this with an intelligence that is remarkable. The printing press could be run by water power, and under that clear sky and healthy atmosphere, I am convinced that the office boy would soon acquire the habit of writing leading editorials and condensed paragraphs. So the running expenses are bound to be light. It is possible that I am too conservative in my views, but I can not help saying that I was favorably impressed with the entire country which I visited."

Takes a Woman to Do It.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at the delinquent and says: "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to assure herself that it is a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop, says the Mobile Register. A man doesn't do it that way. He goes out doors saying: "It's singular nobody can drive a hen but me!" and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped and yells: "Get in there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man plunges after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and followed by a miscellaneous assortment of stove wood, fruit cans, clinkers, and a very mad man in the rear.

Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two and around the house back to the coop again, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for throwing, and by a man whose coat is on the sawbuck, whose hat is on the ground and whose perspiration is limitless. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles. The man vows that every hen on the place shall be sold at once, puts on his hat and coat and goes down town. The woman comes out, goes right to work, and has every one of those hens housed and counted inside of two minutes.

This in Alabama.

Atlanta Constitution.

An Alabama man charged with stealing a calf made the following statement:

"I was always teached to be honest, an' most always have been, but when I seed the calf I caved. I never wanted a calf so bad in all my life, an' you all know that when a man wants a calf he wants him."

The jury returned the following verdict:

"We, this jury, air satisfied that Steve stold the calf, but as the feller that owned the animal is considerable of a slouch, we agree to clear Steve an' make the slouch pay the costs."

The man who invented the return ball, an ordinary wooden ball, with a rubber string attached to pull it back, made $1,000,000 from it.

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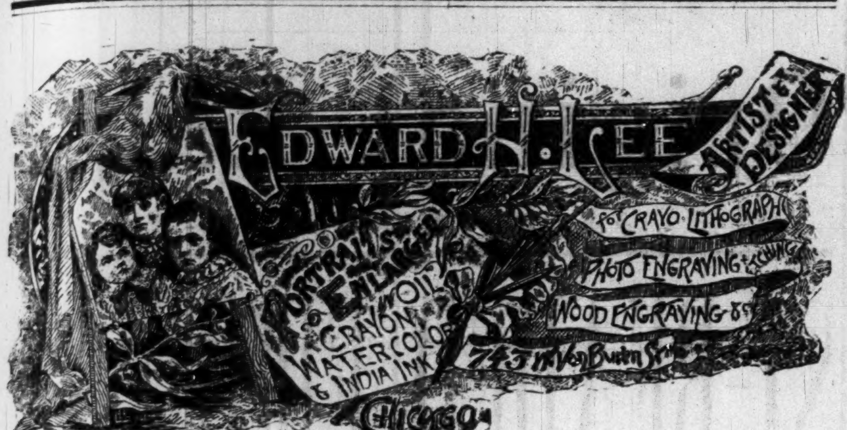

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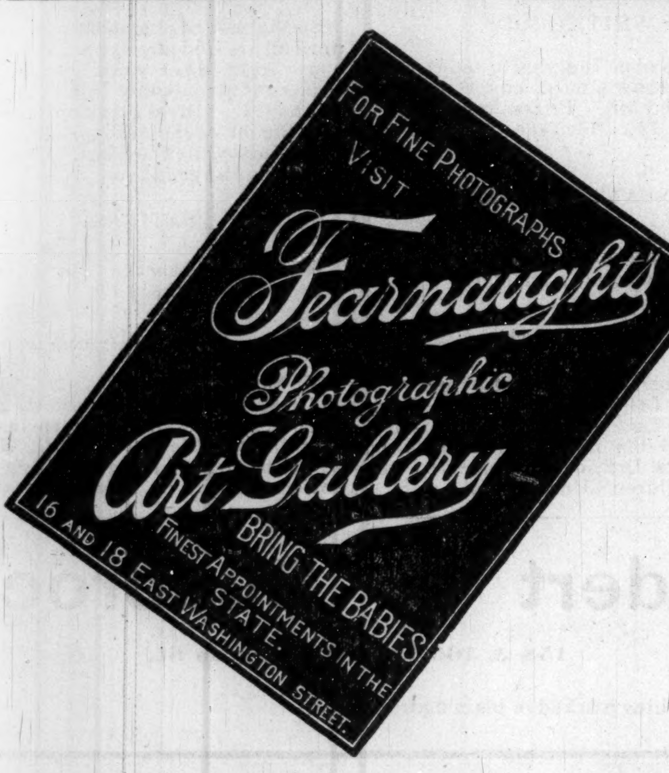
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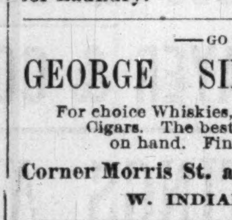
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THE CENTENNIAL.

A GENERAL CELEBRATION WITH INTEREST CENTERING AT NEW YORK.

Particulars of the Event—Great Crowds and Gay Decorations—Flags and Noisy Patriotism—The President and His Doings.

The celebration, on the 30th, of the 100th anniversary of George Washington's inauguration as President in 1789, was very general throughout the nation, but interest centered in New York, where the crowd numbered hundreds of thousands and the decorations and preparations were in keeping with the numbers. The President and his party reached Elizabeth at 7 o'clock Monday morning. About 1,200 people were gathered at the station, and when Mr. Harrison appeared, a hearty cheer was given him. The party dined with the Governor of New Jersey. During his brief stay here he reviewed a procession of local societies. The arrangements for the naval parade were carried out to the letter. At 7 o'clock the steamer Dispatch, having on board Admiral Porter, General Schofield and representatives of the Centennial Committee, left the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, New York, and steamed down the East river on her trip to Elizabethport, where she was to meet President Harrison. Crowds had gathered at the pier and cheered the Dispatch as she steamed away. The harbor was literally alive with sailing craft of every description, and whistles sounded and guns boomed salutes as the Dispatch picked her way on her course. Half a dozen big men-of-war were anchored in the vicinity of Governor's Island and Ellis Island, awaiting the return of the President's boat.

After viewing the parade at Elizabeth, President Harrison was then driven in an open barouche along the shore of the Kill Von Kull to the Alcyone boathouse, where the entire party was reunited. A ten-oared gig from the Dispatch was in waiting to take the President on board. Owing to the low water, the Dispatch had been forced to anchor at some distance. The President walked down to the float, followed by Vice President Morton and Captain Elben. They took their seats in the gig amid the cheers of the assembled crowds, the shrieks of steam whistles and the ringing of bells. The gig then put off, and the measured strokes of the sailors soon brought the boat alongside the Dispatch. Then followed the embarkation of the rest of the party in the tenders of the Navy Yard tug Nina. The first boat to put off from the tug was a small steam launch containing Senators Evarts and Hiscock. These gentlemen were condially greeted at the float by Chief Justice Fuller. Postmaster General Wanamaker, with Secretaries Windom and Rusk, went on board and soon rejoined the President on the Dispatch. The rest of the party, including Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, went on board the Sirins. At 11:10 both vessels weighed anchor and steamed up the bay.

Suddenly the deep boom of a gun arose above the hissing of steam and the swash of steamer paddles. Instantly every man in the vast fleet was on the alert for orders. The gun was the signal from the tug Nina, anchored in the Kill Von Kull, and it meant that the Dispatch, with the Presidential party on board, was opposite Port Richmond. Then another report from a cannon set every one in action. This was the signal from the Chicago for all vessels to heave up anchors short and prepare to move. Hardly had this been accomplished when the Dispatch hove in sight. Following close in her wake was the Erastus Wiman, the Sirius and Monmouth filled with invited guests and their families. Soon there was a perfect roar of cannon, big and little. The scene was a stirring one.

As the Dispatch came opposite the Chicago, the entire fleet of over 400 steamers blew their whistles. She passed the Battery at 12:20. It made a tremendous din, coupled with the incessant gun-firing and was kept up for three or four minutes. On went the stately war ship up through the channel and into the East River, where she came to anchor off the foot of Wall street. As soon as she had got well into the river a signal gun was fired from the Chicago, and anchors that had been hove up short were got on board with alacrity. Then began the real naval parade. The sight of hundreds of vessels all kinds was one that will long be remembered by the thousands of people who lined the docks and house-tops along the river front of the Hudson. The Chicago steamed on until opposite Thirty-fourth street, when another gun was fired. This was the signal for the yachts and cutters to disperse and like a huge flock of swans they gracefully heeled around and sped down the bay.

On the arrival of the Dispatch and the President opposite Wall Street ferry, the ships anchored. A barge manned by a crew of shipmasters from the Marine Society of the Port of New York, went out on the vessel. It was a crew of this same society which rowed General Washington ashore one hundred years ago. Following the example of Washington, President Harrison was rowed ashore in the barge. As he stepped out of the boat the presidential salute of twenty-one guns was again given. The President was received by Governor Hill, Mayor Grant, Hamilton Fish and Wm. G. Hamilton. To the left of the pier was attached the float, at which the boat containing the Presidential party emptied its distinguished passengers. After the landing the procession was at once formed, the President and Governor Hill and Mayor Grant being driven in a landeau and accompanied by continuous cheers. The old banner of the Marine Society, which was borne before Washington on April 29, 1789, had been preserved for one hundred years, and was carried before the President's carriage up Wall street. A little before 2 o'clock the carriages drew up before the door of the Equitable building. Chairman Hamilten received those in carriages, while the chimes of Old Trinity played the Doxology, the bands in the street quickly catching up the strain. By 2 o'clock all had reached the banquet hall.

After the banquet the President held a reception in the city hall. At 5 o'clock he was driven to Mr. Morton's residence. The ball at night at the Metropolitan opera house was a grand affair.

On the 30th, services were held in all the churches of the city, the principal sermon being held at St. Paul's, where Washington attended on the morning of his inauguration. The exercises were conducted by Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of New York, as the services on the day of Washington's inauguration were conducted by the Bishop of New York, Right Rev. Samuel Provost.

After the ceremonies in the church were concluded the Presidential party were driven down to the Sub-Treasury building, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where the literary exercises of the day began. The crowd at the Sub-Treasury defied computation and the cheers which greeted the President upon his appearance on the platform, under the heroic statue of Washington fairly shook the foundation of the building itself. As soon as the Presidential party reached the platform, a shout of applause rose from the assembled crowd. Archbishop Corrigan, wearing his carlet robes, was on the platform. Hamilton Fish opened the exercises by introducing Elbridge T. Gerry as Chairman. Mr. Gerry said:

Fellow Citizens—One hundred years ago on this spot, George Washington, the first President of the United States, took his oath of office upon the Holy Bible. That sacred volume is here to-day silently attesting the basis upon which our Nation was constructed and the dependence of our people upon Almighty God. In the words, then, of one of the founders of the Government, "with hearts overflowing with gratitude to our Sovereign Benefactor for granting to us existence, for continuing it to the present period, and for accumulating on us blessings spiritual and temporal through life, may we with fervor beseech Him so to continue them as best to promote His glory and our welfare."

Mr. Gerry then introduced Rev. Richard F. Storrs, who delivered the invocation in a very clear voice. Clarence W. Bowen, was next introduced and read Whittier's poem entitled "The Vow of Washington" written for the occasion. At the conclusion of the reading, Mr. Chauncy M. Depew, orator of the day was introduced. His address was lengthy and was followed with enthusiastic cheering in the midst of which President Harrison was introduced. He spoke as follows:

These proceedings are of a very exacting character, and make it quite impossible that I should deliver an address on this occasion. At an early date I notified your committee that the program must not contain any address by me. The selection of Mr. Depew as the orator on this occasion made further speech not only difficult but superfluous. He has met the demand of the occasion on its own high level. He has brought before us the incidents of the ceremonies of the great inauguration of Washington. We seem to be a part of the admiring and almost adoring throng that filled these streets a hundred years ago, to greet the always-inspiring presence of Washington. He was the incarnation of duty and he teaches us to-day this great lesson that those who would associate their name with events that shall outlive a century can only do so by the highest consecration to duty. He was like the captain who goes to sea and throws overboard his cargo of rags that he may gain safety and deliverance for his emperilled fellowmen. Washington seemed to come to the discharge of duties of his high office impressed with a great sense of his unfamiliarity with the position newly thrust upon him, modestly doubtful of his own ability, but trusting implicitly in his hopefulness of that God who rules the world, presides in the conscience of nations and his power to control human events. We have made a marvelous progress in material events since then, but the stately and enduring shaft we have built at the National capital at Washington, symbolizes the fact that he is still the first American citizen.

After the President's address, Archbishop Corrigan pronounced the benediction, which closed the literary features of the great celebration. The Presidential party then proceeded to Madison Square where they reviewed the military parade, which had started the moment the exercises at the Sub-Treasury began. The parade was in three divisions, the first consisting of regular troops, cadets and a naval corps. The second division consisting of the order in which their respective States were admitted to the Union, with the Governors of each State at the head o its troops. The third division consisted of the Grand Army of the Republic, Loyal Legion, and other societies of soldiers.

The parade required six hours to pass a given point and was witnessed by one million people. The banquet at the Metropolitan Opera House at night was attended by 8,000 of more or less distinguished guests. Governor Hill welcomed the guests. The toasts were as follows: "Our people," response by Ex-President Cleveland; "The Federal Constitution," Chief Justice Fuller; "The United States of America" President Harrison; 'The Presidency," Ex-President Hayes; "The Army and Navy," Gen. W. T. Sherman; "Our Literature," James Russell Lowell. In all there were twelve toasts and responses. The fire works were the finest ever seen in New York.

ELSEWHERE.

The day was celebrated in nearly all the larger cities. Indianapolis had a large parade and a number of addresses were made by prominent citizens.

DISGUSTED AND ENRAGED.

The Overflow from the Oklahoma Boom Spreading Over the Cherokee Strip.

Dispatches of Thursday say: The occupation of the Cherokee strip has begun along the whole line. A much harder nut to crack than was any of the Oklahoma booms is now presented to the government. The Cherokee strip, which is now in process of being gobbled up, comprises nearly eight million acres, and it far transcends Oklahoma in beauty and fertility. The excitement in Arkansas City, over the prospective full seizure of the strip, is intense. The crowds of fugitives from the famine and thirst, frost and heat of Guthrie, are swelling as each train on the all but paralyzed road comes in. The fiercest imprecations are breathed against the government for the outrageously unfair manner in which the country was thrown open. The whole federal machinery, from the President down to the last deputy, is passionately denounced.

The Oklahoma excitement is now confined almost wholly to the town site centers. As for the farmers, they have taken possession of their claims and have gone to work. The vast expanse of green sward is now broken in all directions by the ploughmen. Parties who have ridden all over the territory since last Monday, taking in the heart of the country embraced between the four points of Guthrie, Kingfisher, Oklahoma City and Ft. Reno, and also the country east of the Atchison road to the Iowa reservation and Sac and Fox line and the Canadian river bottoms, report that there is not a single quarter section of any value whatever, that is not now homesteaded. A great many claims of no value whatever have also been taken. Not one-half of the claims have yet been filed at either of the land offices established at Guthrie and Lisbon. Homesteaders have preferred to make actual occupation and improvement the test of the validity of their claims. A number of claims have been deserted in various parts of the territory and wagons can be seen frequently on the back trail. Many of the disgruntled threaten to "squat" on the Indian lands surrrounding Oklahoma. Some will fall back on the Cherokee strip, others will go down into the Chickasaw country. That country is being rapidly settled up by farmers who pay an annual head or lease for the privilege of tilling the soil there. The country is as much superior to Oklahoma as is the Cherokee outlet, and their is a great deal of complaint among the boomers that the poorest land in the Indian Territory should have been the only land open to settlement.

A special from Kansas City, Mo., says: "The bulletins in front of the telegraph office at the union depot Thursday morning indicated that all the early morning trains from Oklahoma were over two hours late. The cause of the delay was apparent when a train of fourteen coaches, crowded with returning boomers, came in. A more disgusted crowd could not be imagined. They were mostly originally from Iowa, Nebraska and Illinois.

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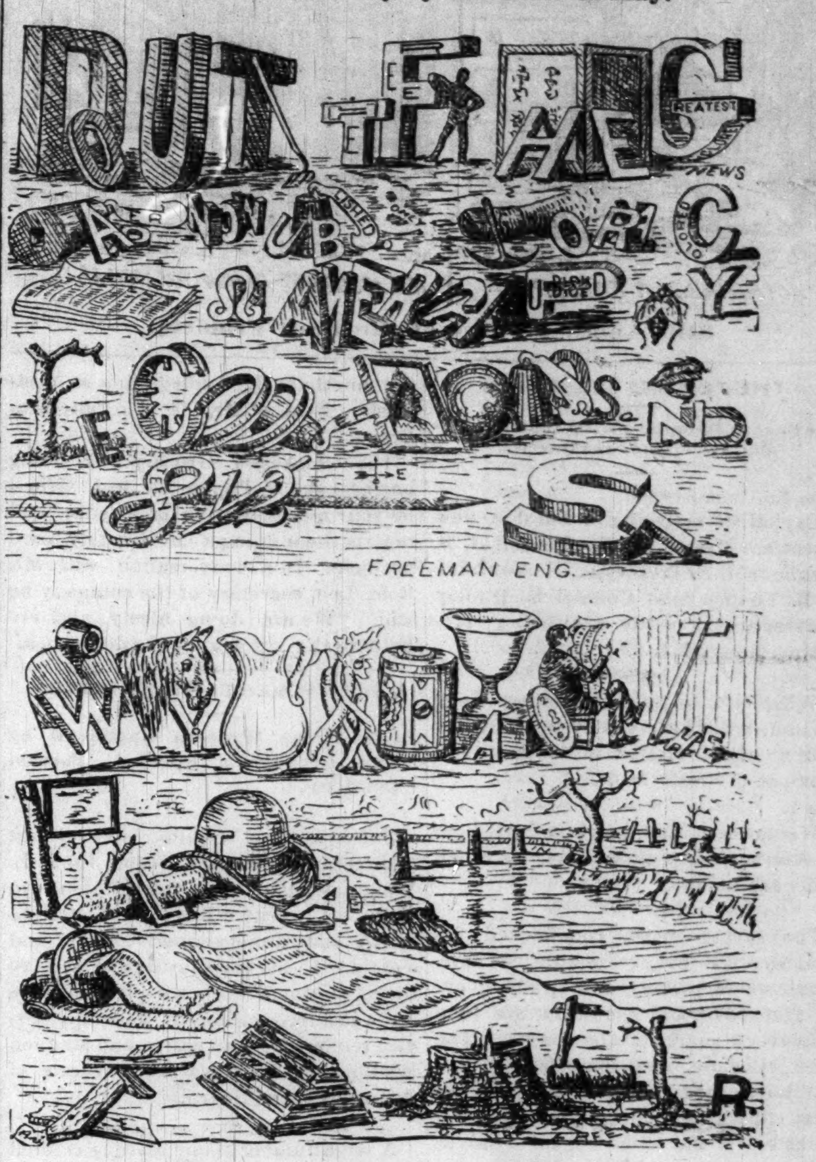


THE FREEMAN REBUS.

In order to increase the circulation of **The Freeman** we have decided to give the first five persons who **Read The Freeman's Rebus Correctly** by the first of May **$2.50 in Gold** and the next ten $1.00 in Gold and to all who come after these a 6 month subscription to **The Freeman.** Solutions will be filed as received whether right or wrong, with Name, Address and Date, immediately after May 1st the correct solution will be published and the names of all sending in correct solutions, and forwarded to each party that has sent in a solution. The gold will be sent at the same time to each party properly reading the rebus. Persons sending in solutions must **Enclose 50c** for each solution, this will pay a two months subscription, so should you fail in the solution you will get **The Freeman** for two months at any rate. You may send as many different solutions as you wish that is you may read the rebus different ways, but for each solution you must send 50c. Where two solutions are sent in from the same family we will send one copy of **The Freeman** for four months instead of two copies for two months; for three solutions from one family we will send **The Freeman six** months; for four solutions, eight months, for five, ten months, for six, twelve months, etc. etc What we want is to get **The Freeman** in every home and for this purpose are giving these prizes in gold. The rebus is easily read, and we hope each person getting a gold piece will endeavor to do us that amount of good by showing **The Freeman** to their friends and getting us up a club, when it is possible. Send in your solution to the rebus as soon as possible and get the benefit of reading **The Freeman.** Write your name, postoffice and State plainly. Address, **THE FREEMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.**

Day Board, $3 per week. Meals 15c and 20c

LEE HENSHAW'S

Lyra Restaurant

86 West Washington Street.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Open at all Hours. Oysters in Season.

NOTICE!

Parties Visiting Washington, D. C. can find good acommodations at

Mrs. Dolly Jones,

220 B STREET, NORTHWEST, Pleasaut rooms and good board on the most reasonable, terms.

Ask For The

NABOB

THE BEST 5C. CIGAR.

Colored Artists Wanted

In order to know who, where and what our colored artists are. We invite correspondence with them. Write to THE FREEMAN at once. Send specimens of your work.

A USEFUL BOOK!

Science, Art & Methods of Teaching

—BY—
Prof. D. B. Williams
of the V. N. & C. I.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

PRICE $1.00.

It is used in two Normal Schools as a Text-Book, adopted in the curriculm of the Virginia Teachers' Reading Circle, endorsed by twenty white and colored papers, forty white and colored educators and a large number of parents. THE SECOND EDITION IS NOW READY! Useful to Educators, Parents and Children.

The above book is offered with THE FREEMAN, six months $2.00; twelve months $3.00.

☞AGENTS WANTED. Address,

THE FREEMAN,
Indianapolis. Ind

TO ADVERTISERS!

For a check for $20 we will print a ten-line advertisement in One Million issues of leading American Newspapers and complete the work within ten days. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent a line, for 1,000 Circulation! The advertisement will appear in but a single issue of any paper, and consequently will be placed before One Million different newspaper purchasers; or FIVE MILLION READERS, if it is true, as is sometimes stated, that every newspaper is looked at by five persons on an average. Ten lines will accommodate about 75 words. Address with copy of Adv. and check, or send 30 cents for Book of 256 pages.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

We have just issued a new edition of our Book called "Newspaper Advertising." It has 256 pages, and among its contents may be named the following Lists and Catalogues of Newspapers:—

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY, with their Advertising Rates.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING more than 150,000 population, omitting all but the best.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CITIES HAVING more than 20,000 population, omitting all but the best.

A SMALL LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN which to advertise every section of the country: being a choice selection made up with great care, guided by long experience.

ONE NEWSPAPER IN A STATE. The best one for an advertiser to use if he will use but one.

BARGAINS IN ADVERTISING IN DAILY Newspapers in many principal cities and towns, a List which offers peculiar inducements to some advertisers.

LARGEST CIRCULATIONS. A complete list of all American papers issuing regularly more than 25,000 copies.

THE BEST LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, covering every town of over 5,000 population and every important county seat.

SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, in which advertisements are inserted at half price.

5,472 VILLAGE NEWSPAPERS, in which advertisements are inserted for $42.15 a line and appear in the whole lot—one half of all the American Weeklies

Book sent to any address for THIRTY CENT

FOR $4.50 A GENUINE AMERICAN MADE THROUGHOUT

TRENTON WATCH!

(No imitation.) An 18 size Jeweled, stem-wind, lever-set, quick-train, straight-line escapement; improved back rachet, in a DUEBER SILVERINE CASE, heavy, strong and a good timer. (Cut one-third size.) FULLY WARRANTED. Send 50c. for express charges and I will send it for examination. If satisfactory and as represented you can pay for it, otherwise it will be returned. In the case is certificate of President Dueber Watch Case Co., that it is a GENUINE SILVERINE case, will keep its color and wear a lifetime.

SPECIAL 25C. OFFER.

I want you to have my 200-page Catalogue with 1,700 illustrations, and therefore, for a limited time, will send it with 1 pair Rolled GOLD PLATED Lever SLEEVE BUTTONS, or 1 Ladies' LACE PIN, or Gents' SCARF PIN, for 25c. Catalogue FREE. Can use stamps.

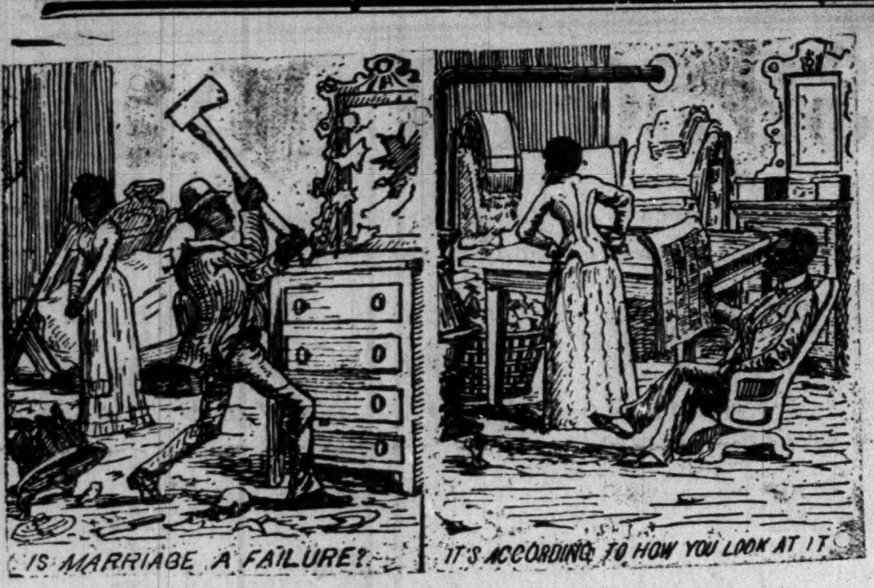
W. G. MORRIS,

Wholesale Jewelry, Silverware, Watches, etc.,

90 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

References: Felsenthal, Gross & Miller, Banker, 108 La Salle St., Chicago; Mr. Gross, Ex-State Treasurer of Illinois.

☞Always mention this paper.


IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?
IT'S ACCORDING TO HOW YOU LOOK AT IT.

Still Another Phase of the Race Problem.

THE TENNESSEE NEWS.

The Race at Memphis—What Shall our Women Do?—Notes and Queries.

Memphis, (Tenn.) special.

Capitalists are going to build a new Theatre. Messrs. W. D. Bethell, J. S. Menken, M. B. Trezevant, N. Fontaine E. B. Thomas and Colonel R. Dudley Frayser are six of the gentlemen composing the syndicate.

What is to be the final destiny of our women, will the majority continue to seek no higher station in life than the cook-pot or wash tub?

We need skilled hands adapted to science and arts, as well as the range and wash-boilers.

The spring races commenced on Monday, 22d prox., Stable owners, book-makers, jockies, and sports of every race, color and condition, are here from every quarter of the country. The races will close, and some favored few will be a goodly sum in advance of what constituted their flimsy pocket-books before the races began. But in my opinion, the majority will be losers, and many a dude will skip his board bill and pawn his horse-timer to get the necessary funds with which to defray railroad expenses out of the "taxing district of M."

It has always been a mystery why our women are always satisfied to be the servants of the white people rather than be their own mistresses. There are not twenty, no, not ten colored women out of every hundred who manifest the least interest in learning trades, as nearly every white woman does; nearly, or quite four-fifths of the white women are possessors of trades while only about one tenth of our race ever try to learn a trade; they are seemingly contented to supervise the cook room and laundry, a calling necessary, but abhorred and shunned by their white sisters. It is true, we, as your husbands, fathers and brothers, are far in the rear in commercial and manufacturing pursuits and enterprise, still I earnestly appeal to you to learn some profession at which you can earn honest bread and meat independent of the men. We need milliners, seamstresses, doctors, inventors, authors, engravers, artists, florists and editresses. Of the last named, I have not the pleasure of knowing one. You must follow my advice in regard to learning to be independent by working in the particular sphere to which you are adopted, sooner or later, and why not make up your minds to do it to-day, for as Rt. Rev. Bishop H. M. Turner has said, "we shall always be servants and tools for other races as long as we do not learn trades." Take my advice, young woman, and pick up some trade and learn it. Paint pictures and sell them. Do not be too timid or highminded to do honest labor; we are to poor to act thus. Make garments of all kinds and sell them, open you up a milliner and dressmaking shop, an art studio, a musical conservatory and any other shop in which you may work, employ young women for assistants, and learn them. Begin with an iron will, ask God's divine aid and you can not reasonably fall short of success. Let every woman, old and young, see if you have not enough brains to be equal to the whites.

THE THRIFT OF OUR PEOPLE IN THE BLUFF CITY.

Our people here seem to have just realized the importance of owning their homes and they have accordingly set to work in earnest to secure them. This action at present is most apparent in the northeastern portion of the city, commonly known here as Scotland and which is chiefly inhabited by colored and Irish citizens; generally of the better element and more enterprising of their races. Mr. S. H. Henderson, one of our most estimable mail carriers, and Mr. Levi Orr, a first class tailor, are at present erecting residences on Hawley street, extending east of Dunlap street, and Rev. J. K. Daniel will soon commence building his residence on Ayer's street, south of Lane Ave. Let our race everywhere follow suit.

A well grounded rumor is afloat that Prof. G. G. Marcus will soon lead to hymen's altar one of South Memphis' most accomplished and beautiful belles.

The spring races to be held in this city at Montgomery park is all the talk among sports at present.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." The next great event to take place in Memphis within the next few months is the confirmation as postmaster here of Mr. R. F. Patterson. Bravo!

The Chickasaw Grocery Co. doing business at 159 Poplar St. was visited by your representative on Monday and reports them doing a moderately good business. In a conversation with Mr. Robt. Lee, secretary of the company he said: "We are doing nicely and are holding the fort against the dull times."

SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS.

Items From Wichita Gathered by The Freeman's Special Correspondent.

The citizes of Wichita have almost unanimously endorsed Hon. John L. Waller as their choice for Minister to Hayti. Mr. Waller is a man of sterling worth and unquestioned ability and should it be his good fortune to receive the appointment I am sure it would be but a just recognition of valuable service rendered by an active and staunch Republicans and a fearless advocate of the rights of the Negro.

A large number of our leading colored citizens are passing all but favorable comments upon Mr. Harrisons policy. They say he should not cater for the good will of southern protection Democrats at the direct expense of the Southern black Republicans; there is considerable dissatisfaction here and every day some of our best men are heard delivering there respective valedictories to the grand old party.

Wichita is the only city of the first-class, in the State of Kansas that affords mixed schools for white and colored children. In Kansas the school boards of first-class cities have the power to create and maintain separate schools for colored children. Four bills were introduced last winter in the Legislature and had either of them passed our statute books would not be disgraced by the present vicious and infamous school law. But it was not the intention of the Legislature to pass any such bills or amendment and our law remains as it was. However the colored citizens of Wichita, through their State Senator Hon. O. H. Bentley had inserted in a special bill which passed both Houses a clause prohibiting the school board of Wichita from ever discriminating against colored children. So in that respect we lead the state.

Sedgwick county boasts of some of the wealthiest and most interesting young colored farmers in the west, among whom we find Alec and Thomas Carter whose farm comprises three hundred and twenty acres, all under cultivation. The Carter brothers are also owners of some of the finest live stock in Kansas and Thomas owns and operates a fine steam threshing machine during seasons.

Mr. J. W. Stewart, contractor and builder is erecting a three story brick building on North Water street for himself, it will be an elegant stucture when completed will cost thirty-eight hundred dollars. Mr. Stewart was recently awarded a contract for building a large brick building on Main street.

OUR LOCAL LIFE.

As Gleaned by a Staff Artist.

Rev. Geo. W. Teeter has been called to the pastorate of a Baptist church in Michigan.

Mr. Phillip Broaddus, a deserving and popular young man has been given a place in the postoffice.

The demonstration in honor of Washington's anniversary as President was highly successful and witnessed by a large number.

The St. Louis West End Base Ball Club of St. Louis, Mo., will play a match game with the Chicago Whites at St. Louis, May 5th.

The Freeman is popular with all classes. Our agents have no trouble in securing subscribers. It needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

The entertainment given at Lyra Hall, last Tuesday evening, by the Hotel Brotherhood Band, was well attended and paid well, we learn.

The Model Clothing Co. will give one of its grand entertainments at the 2 Baptist Church, Wednesday evening, May the 15th. See our next issue.

The following colored men have been given places in the postoffice—John Wilson, messenger; Phillip Broaddus, Roan Easly and Henry Smith, as janitors.

The Indianapolis Base Ball Club is giving some fine exhibitions of that art now-a days. The games are well attended and a large number of colored people are regular attendants.

The West End Base Ball Club of St. Louis makes inquiry through The Freeman to know if there is a colored nine in Indianapolis, and if so to make itself heard through The Freeman.

The fight for places in the Federal building continues. Up to date Mr. Wallace has made over thirty changes in the P. O., but only three colored men have been appointed, and only to minor places at that. Great recognition this.

Mr. Charles H. Stewart, of this city, has been appointed to a place in the R. M. S. on the Big Four, running between Cincinnati and Chicago. Mr. Stewart is one of our brightest young men and is deserving of even more than he has received. He is well known in the churches and literary societies, where he has always been an active participant. He began a course in the Indiana Medical College and stood well up in his class. He is from Vincennes and came to this city a few years ago at the request of the editor of The Freeman.

ATTENTION

Com. M. 2d Reg.

—OF—

Indiana Legion,

—WILL GIVE A—

GRAND

BALL

—AT—

LYRA HALL,

MAY 15th.

Music Furnished by Prof. J. G. Dawson's Orchestra.

The Managers will Spare no Pains to make this one of the Grandest Entertainments of the Season.

COME ONE!

COME ALL!

HOME AGAIN!

The new Empire have just opened with a new stock of Boots and Shoes to fit young and old, and is quoting prices on Boots and Shoes lower than any other house in the city. No humbug. Give us a call and you will be convinced that we beat the world but not our customers.

Don't Buy

Your boots and shoes until you see our prices.

THE NEW EMPIRE SHOE STORE,

H. FRANKFORT, Prop.

114 MASS. AVE., One door north of George Hammell's Grocery.

Political Anncuncement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Al Taffe is a candidate for city clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

BARBER SUPPLIES

Of all kinds and discriptions wholesale and retail.

J. E. BODINE & CO.

29 CIRCLE STREET,

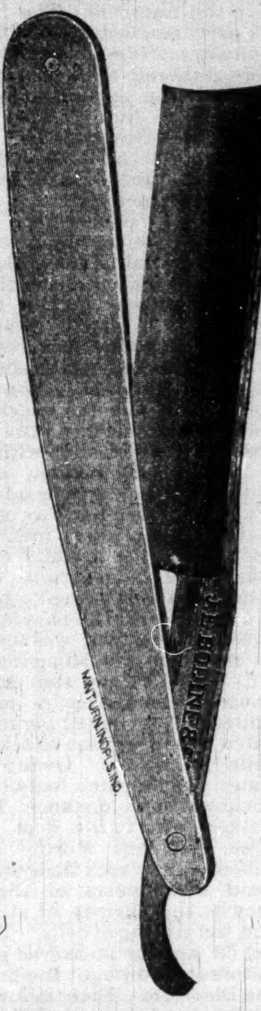
INDIANAPOLIS · INDIANA

WE CARRY EVERY BRAND OF RAZORS.

We make a Specialty of Razor Grinding.

Prompt Attention Given to Orders by Mail.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



J. E. BODINE & CO.

29 Circle Street,

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

G. W. Barnes & Co

64 East Market St.

Opp. Post Office.

Lowest Price Credit House in U. S.

A full line of High Grade Silv plated Holloware & Roger Bros. 1847 Knives Forks and Spoons

Best Wringers made for $4 50 at 50 cts. per week. Clocks waranted for a year $5.50. Do not allow agents selling other Wringers and Clocks to talk you into paying three times as much for articles not so good. Also Rugs, Curtains and a full line of home furnishing goods.

Open Monday and Saturday Evenings

BROTHERHOOD BAND.

For the convedience of parties desiring music by the BROTHERHOOD BAND call on or address DAVID GER, Leader, at English's Hotel, Indianapolis, Indiana.

HUNDREDS WILL ATTEND!

—THE—

"Model Clothing Entertainment"

Which will be given at the

Second Baptist Church, Wednesday Evening, May 15th.

Bills and programs will appear later

ADMISSION:

Adults ....20 cents. Children...... ...10 cents

WENGER'S

Bates House ✶ Shoe ✶ Store,

No. 62 W. Washington St:

INDIANAPOLIS, - - INDIANA

MRS. M. L. JOSS, THE MILLINER.

Has reopened in her new quarters with a new stock of first-class Millinery Goods of the latest styles and fashions. Her prices are the lowest reasonable rates. No extra charge for trimming. Call on her and get your new Spring hat.

80 Indiana Avenue.

When Children Cry Mothers will not deny

To their hopeful progeny, ages 4 to 14 years, our

SHORT KNEE PANTS SUITS.

Prices from $1.75 to $10. Also a splendid variety of 3-piece Knee Pants Suits—coats, vests and pants—at $7 and $8. Strickly all wool.

A present given with every Boy's or Child's Suit sold at $2 and upward.

HATS For men and boys, at the lowest prices. HATS

Original Eagle

5 & 7 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

$1-BEADED FICHUS-$1

An immense variety of Spring Wraps for present wear. Newport Scarfs in black cardinals, pinks, light blue, tans, creams at 50c, 69c, 75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 and upward. Beaded and Embroidered Fichus $1, $1.25, $1.75, $2, $2 50 and upward. Spring Jackets in jersey, stockinet, plaids and stripes, $2, $2.50, $3.50 and upward. Great bargains in beaded wraps.

DRESS GOODS.

Spring Beiges 5c. Cashmeres 7½c. Brocades 8½c. Double-width Beiges 9½c. Spring novelties, double width, 17½c and 19c. 36 inch wide Henriettas, all the new shades, elegant line, 25c. A large stock of the well known Jamestown Dress Goods, only the latest styles, at 25c.

WHITE GOODS.

We have over 75 styles to select from, so we can show almost any stripe and check called for. Prices range 5c, 7, 7½c, 8c, 10, 12½c, 15c, 18c, 20c and upward.

INFANTS' CLOAKS.

Opened last week a very attractive line of Infants' long and short Cloaks. Please notice display in show window this week.

UNDERWEAR.

This Department is overflowing with bargains. Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests 15c, 19c, 25c. Gents' Gauze Underwear 25c. Gents' Balbriggan Underwear, 30c. Gents' Drilling Drawers 25c. All sizes in children's Underwear.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Linen Collars only 10c. Gents' Cuffs 15c per pair. Gents' satin Neckwear 19c, a big variety at 25c. Gents' Suspenders only 10c; Silk Embroiders 19c. Gents' Hosiery in solid colors, stripes 5c, 8c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, and 25c.

DOMESTICS.

Special sale of ginghams now going on until all are sold, are extra good quality, worth 7c, at 5c per yard. Seersuckers in plaids and stripes only 7c. Fine Zephyr Cloths 12½c. Dress ginghams, new styles 8c. Big lot of standard prints worth 7c at 5½c only while they last. Come early if you wish any of them.

SATINES.

Real French only 25c Fine domestic 12½c. Elegant line at 10c.

TABLE LINENS.

Turkey red tabe linens. 19c, 25c, 35c, and upward. Bleached Table Linen, 35, 50c, 65c, and upward. Unbleached table linen 16c, 20c, 25c and upward. Crashes 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c and upward. Towels 3c, 5c, 7c, 8c, 10c and upward.

Dedert & Sudbrock.

158 & 160 East Washington St.

Everything marked in plain figures.

NEW STOCK OF

Childrens' Carriages,

Boys Wagons, Bicycles, Trycicles, and Velocipedes, Brackets, Rockers, Easels, Etc.

See Our $5 Carriage!

CHAS. MAYER & CO., 29 and 31 West Washington Street.

CARPETINGS AND CURTAINS.

WALL PAPERS. NEW GOODS,

Not only are my goods of new manufacture, but they embrace all that is new in ideas. Many patterns made specially for me, and, in consequence, do not become common. First-class artists to show these goods. Skillful workmen to do all classes of decorative work. Intending purchasers should see these, as well as my new styles of American goods. It is a recognised fact that I am selling the most reliable makec at LOWER PRICES than any other house in the city.

ALBERT GALL.

Furniture. Carpets.

LARGE VARIETY IN SELECT STOCK.

Call in and get bargains at 98 East New York Street. All goods sold for CASH on PAYMENTS.

J. F. KOESTERS & CO.,

Halcyon Block. 98 East New York St.

SPECIAL PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY!

—WITH—

Theanectar Tea & A. & P. Baking Powder

THE GREAT

Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.,

4 Bates House Block. 164 E. Washington St.